RIGHT NOW.

ON AARON BUSHNELL'S SACRIFICIAL ACT

By Antonio

The genocide of Gazans has for months already been soul crushing to watch from afar (of course, nothing compared to experiencing it). For months I have spent nearly every day learning of some new atrocities, every day looking at my own child and imagining the horrors facing so many Palestinian parents and children. The seeming unstoppability of Israel's aggression and our country's elites' willingness to support it only adds to regular feelings of dread, horror, and impotence.

And then came Aaron Bushnell's self-immolation on February 25, 2024.

Aaron was an enlisted member of the US Air Force, but had developed a radical anti-imperial politics through his time serving, and was active in mutual aid projects and online anarchist spaces. Setting himself on fire in front of the Israeli embassy, he made clear his call for a Free Palestine, shouted as he took his last breaths.

Aaron was a comrade, no longer willing to be complicit. He was caught in a situation of having signed away his life to the US military industrial complex, which was about to assign his work and skills to support Israel in its genocide and ethnic cleansing of Gaza. There are solid arguments against killing oneself as a political act, and I am not suggesting self-sacrifice is the 'right choice' for action: if he had not chosen this way, perhaps Bushnell would have continued to struggle against the military and contributed his heart and soul to liberation movements over many decades.

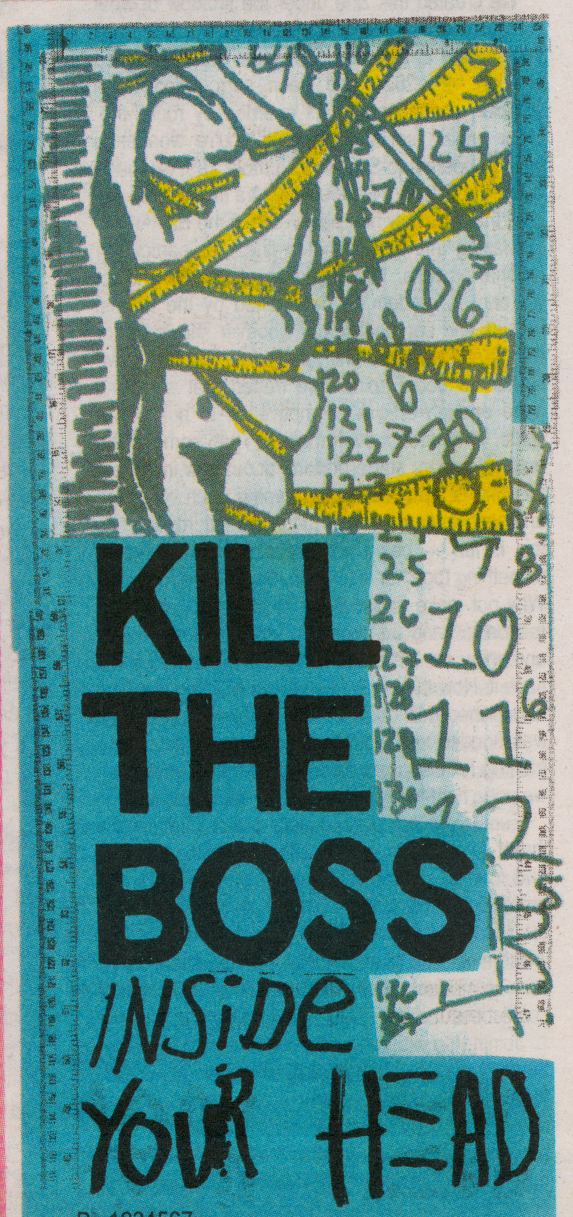
But we should recognize that historical change is not linear, we never know what the effects of our actions are, and we shouldn't rush to judge another's actions. People around the world are now celebrating Aaron as a representation that even US Americans can stand against empire, and that's worth something. His action has also catalyzed much discussion and reflection domestically about what we all could do to stop US/Israeli impunity.

His words (posted online days before his act) strike my heart many times over:

"Many of us like to ask ourselves, 'What would I do if I was alive during slavery? Or the Jim Crow South? Or apartheid? What would I do if my country was committing genocide?' The answer is, you're doing it. Right now."

I am guessing many of you out there are struggling with this like I am: what could I *possibly* do to interfere with this genocide? How can I do something that would *actually* change the situation, since marches and petitions seem so inadequate to the task? I have gone to protests against Zionists, port shutdowns, and marches

Continued on Page 11



KILL THE BOSS INSIDE YOUR HEAD

By 1234567

From 2017-2021 I had an Instagram account that I posted to with tweaked-out vigor. At the time, I was living the socially isolating double-life of a functioning addict and had anorexia and bulimia. I had surface-level friends from whom I kept enough distance so no one knew what was really going on with me. When I made an Instagram account I did so in anonymity, with the intention of burrowing out a place in the world where I could form an identity without risking vulnerability. Gradually, often begrudgingly, I allowed people from my "real life" to follow me, experimented with connection and being seen. It felt safe to do so from the buffer zone of Instagram, armed with the capacity to edit, omit, and delete parts of myself, my burgeoning self-image corroborated by metrics of "engagement".

The sense of validation that I got from "likes", "comments", and "views" on Instagram paralleled my reliance on other smartphone-enabled measurement tools: step tracker, calorie counter, sleep tracker, period tracker, etc. These came to override my body's natural mechanisms for knowing if I was hungry or full, lonely or content, in need of rest or exercise.

Coming to rely on metrics to tell me about my reality, my qualitative awareness and vocabulary withered. So too did my capacity for self-determination. I ceded these to technocratic control as quantitative data handed down to me by apps curtailed engagement with those highly political / personal / ethical questions: What do I sense happening? What do I feel? How am I compelled to respond?

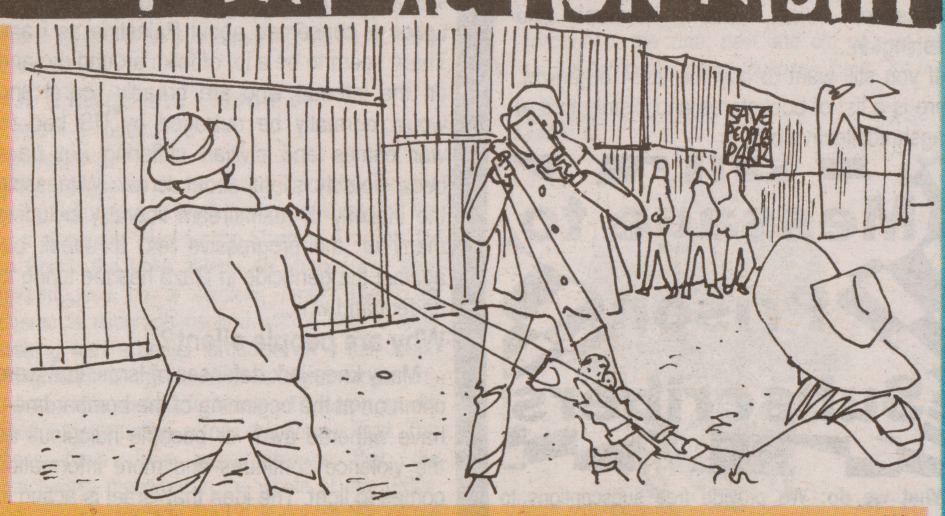
★

From 2021 - 2023 I worked as a stripper. Earning money in a strip club concretizes the commodification of the body that most of us experience in some way as consumers and producers under capitalism. And this concretization clarified for me what I already acted upon: if our bodies are commodities, and a more 'beautiful' (i.e. thin — according to our cultural beauty standards) body can accrue

Continued on Page 12

towards the sun

BERKELEY LEAP DAY ACTION NIGHT



By Jesse D. Palmer

Berkeley's Leap Day Action Night was a glorious, absurd success!! Leap day offers an extra day and invites us to shake off our routine, so wingnuts in Berkeley planned a roving street party for life not death, freedom and joy not oppression and misery with the theme "Medieval peasants storm the castle — Tear down the walls from Palestine to the US/Mexico Border to Berkeley."

A bunch of people came despite the rain. People brought medieval costumes, signs and snacks. There was a marching band and Guinevere gave a rousing speech: "We are seedlings leaping between the concrete cracks, reaching towards the sun, where all energy comes from. Like tender shoots pushing through the cold cement, we rise up, wherever we can, however we can, in any tiny break of pavement. ...

"We never chose to grow between the cracks of asphalt poured down on the ground, but we found a way, with the same prehension of all life. We never wanted to live always 3 bad months away from being homeless, but never 3 good months away from being a millionaire. We never agreed to breathe in poisoned air, to drink polluted water, to fill the land with plastic, to bring entire ecosystems to the brink of extinction, we never agreed to any of this being done, but we can all agree that this shit is fucked up!" ...

Then we walked across the street for a speech in front of Chase Bank which continues to invest in suicidal fossil fuel infrastructure 30+ years after the science of climate change has been clear. We scattered ashes to represent wildfires caused by climate change. We also visited Bank of America which helped fund Cop City in Atlanta — so we dumped compost in their entryway. May the cop-capitalism alliance decompose.

Then the march headed down Telegraph Avenue and on up Durant to Taco Bell, which had the nerve to locate right next to an existing mom-and-pop burrito shop. We decried Taco Bell's parent company Yum Foods' 2021 investment in an Israeli tech company despite a boycott against trade with Israel. Then we circled People's Park — now surrounded by a University of California 17 foot tall steel wall made of double-stacked shipping container and defended by round-the-clock security. As soon as we turned the corner holding a ladder, the security guards freaked out... even though the ladder was only 10 feet long and the wall is 17 feet tall.

When we got to Dwight Way, out came a 3-person slingshot and most people in the

Continued on Page 14

SLINGSHOT

Slingshot is an independent radical newspaper published in Berkeley since 1988.

A lot of shit is going down. Some of us are trying to heal, others just keep our heads above water. The billionaires are trying compel us to go to war. Many of us are still grieving those lost amidst a pandemic and a system set up to squeeze all the meaning out of life. How to keep your soul alive under such conditions?

We created this zine under the shadow of what some are calling the "East Berkeley Wall." In case you missed it, People's Park was violently seized on Jan. 4th, 2024 and been surrounded by a shipping container fortress guarded by round-the-clock private security since. If you're wondering what happened to Slingshot Number 139, we made a Special People's Park edition in a fit of frenzy and grief that was only hand-delivered in the Bay Area.

Making this zine is not a linear or particularly rational process. The collection of articles and art we print is random — determined by the whims, fancies and personalities of whoever shows up for the meetings. At the first meeting for this issue, we started to doom spiral. We fretted that we didn't have enough articles or motivation to pull off an issue. Why does it even matter? Then some of the new volunteers started talking about how important this shit is, and we started hyping each other up, and wait a minute — our judgment felt impaired — this is *fun* — being with people and working on something together is just *fun*. So why the fuck not? Why not make an issue? If anything, it gave us a reason to hang out together, listen to good music, and enjoy our loft at the Long Haul ... while we still have it. Now the landlord says our building won't be demolished until 2025... This weekend Long Haul was flooded with volunteer artists, a direct action training for Gaza, sunshine and creative energy — we gotta fight harder against this fucking eviction!

Fun is revolutionary — let's make ourselves a threat to those in power with our solidarity, unity and love to overpower their isolation, greed and emptiness. And while we're at it, let's make the revolution more fun, colorful, diverse, inclusive and welcoming — a place we can be vulnerable, open and comfortable that isn't consumed by internal conflict and factionalism...

Joining up with the freaks who aren't doing what they're supposed to be doing and putting your life-force into making your own do-it-yourself adventures can change your mood – from powerlessness, resignation and floating to determined creative activity and a feeling of possibility. The Berkeley Mardi Gras Parade, not the internet. A squat or artists' warehouse, not a condo or shopping mall.

It's time to jump free of systems that don't serve us and over which we have no control. Let's disconnect from corporate-controlled mediums in favor of raw, first-hand experiences that connect us with other people, genuine community and nature. We gotta silence the cop in our head, the CEO in our head, the politicians in our head — and trust our own vision for a better world organized around cooperation, sharing, beauty, equality, freedom, sustainability and love. The total is greater than the sum of the parts. Being around other people is magic. We are more together than we are alone. Somehow, the *Slingshot miracle* has happened again.

Slingshot is always looking for new writers, artists, editors, photographers and distributors. Even if you feel you are not an essayist, illustrator or whistleblower you may know someone who is. If you send an article, please be open to its editing. We are a collective, but not all the articles reflect the opinions of all collective members. We welcome debate and constructive criticism.

Thanks to the people who made this: Ani, Antonio, Cathy, eggplant, Elke, Feral, Fern, Finn, Frankie, Harlin/Hayley, Henry, Jack, Jesse, Kaley, Kendrick, Korvin, Lola, Lucie, Lucy, Luis, Matteo, Matt, Olive, Robin, San, Sean, Sirkka, Tracey, Trinity, Yosha & all the authors and artists!

Slingshot Article Submission Info

We're not going to set a deadline for the next issue. We encourage you to submit articles for the next *Slingshot* anytime you want. We'll make another issue when we feel like we're ready. Please check the *Slingshot* website, IndyBay, instagram and facebook for deadline info. We also have an internal email list that will announce the next deadline so please contact us if you want to be added to the list.

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** Our office may be torn down in 2025 so check before you visit or you may just find a pile of rubble*

HELP MAKE the SLINGSHOT 2025 Organizer

Contact us by April 20 if you want to draw art for the 2025 *Slingshot* Organizer — you do not have to live in California to draw. 50 artists from all over contribute to each edition.

Please send additions and corrections for the Radical Contact List by May 25. We're especially looking for contacts in under-represented areas, states and countries: cities that are *NOT* college towns, particularly in the South and Midwest — *anywhere* in Alabama, Hawaii, Mississippi, Oklahoma, South Carolina, West Virginia and Wyoming, Africa & the Middle East.

If you want to work on editing and adding to the radical history dates, reach out between now – April 20. We want to add protests or notable events from 2023 / 2024, older stuff we're missing, especially marginalized issues and movements, and we need help proofreading to try to locate and correct errors.

If you are in the Bay Area, join *Slingshot* for two art party weekends to put the organizer together by hand May 25/26 (times TBA) and June 1-2 (24/7, baby!) at Long Haul 3124 Shattuck Avenue, Berkeley. "It is like an all-night art rave — but geeky and free." Drop by for an hour or stay all day and all night.

Selling the organizer enables *Slingshot* to print and distribute this newspaper for free. The 2024 organizer is still available through August. If you know of a store in your area that could sell the organizer, let us know.

There's a few extra copies of the 2024 organizer — contact us if you can distribute a dozen or more copies for free to youth who don't have access in conservative areas of the Midwest, South, or other areas outside the bubble: slingshotcollective@protonmail.com. We've already sent boxes of free organizers to youth in Alabama, Arizona, Connecticut, Florida, Guam, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas Kentucky, Louisiana, New Mexico, Maine, Maryland, Michigan, Missouri, North Carolina, New York, North Dakota, Ohio, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Vermont and Washington...

If you still want to buy the 2024 organizer, there is a list of bookstores and distributors at slingshotcollective.org.

Message to Prison Subscribers

What we do: We provide free subscriptions to incarcerated individuals in the US who request them. Recently we only publish 2 times a year, so there may be up to a ***6 month delay*** between when you request a subscription and when you get a paper. We do accept submissions of art and articles from incarcerated subscribers but we only publish a very tiny fraction. We don't publish poetry or fiction, and only run personal narratives or stories about your case if they are framed within radical analysis.

What we don't do: We are unable to provide penpals, legal aid/advice, financial assistance, literature besides *Slingshot*, or respond to requests for other kinds of help. Usually, we can't write back. We can't use JPay / other inmate email services.

Comrades on the outside: We receive 5-10 letters from incarcerated folks every day. We welcome help reading them and processing subscription requests! — Love, Slingshot

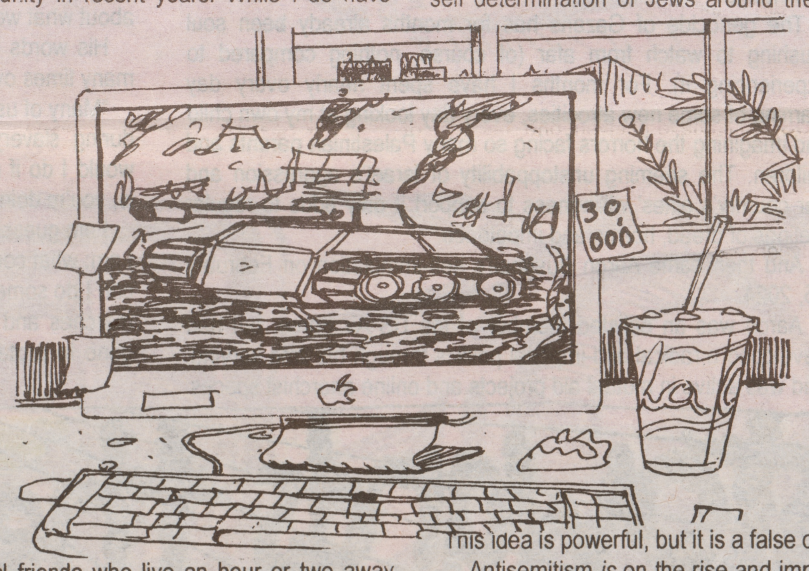
Watching

By Kermit

I first became critical of Zionism and the occupation of Palestine over twenty years ago when I went to hear a group of ex IDF soldiers and Israeli refuseniks speak out against it. After I moved to the Bay Area and became involved with *Slingshot* in the mid 2000s, support for Palestinian liberation and condemnation of Israeli apartheid were common convictions within the radical community around me, especially among my radical Jewish friends. Despite notable improvements in the coverage of other issues we were talking about then, the mainstream coverage of Israel in the US media seems to have barely changed in the last twenty years.

All of that is to say that when October 7th happened, I already knew that, much like 9-11, the trauma of it would be used to justify much larger atrocities in return and I suspected that the US media and Democratic-led government would act in ways to defend those atrocities. Despite knowing this, the extent of the genocidal violence Israel has unleashed against the people of Gaza has still been shocking. While it is heartening to see more voices calling for ceasefire and an end to apartheid and the occupation of Palestine, too many US liberals and progressives still seem to be hesitant to honestly look at what is happening and demand that the US government stop supporting it.

I've been living farther away from radical community in recent years. While I do have radical friends who live an hour or two away and many more farther afield with whom I can text and share memes or voicenotes, I'm often surrounded by people who are not nearly as upset or concerned about Palestine as I am. There seem to be a lot of folks around me and on the internet who are broadly liberal and would normally be outraged by US backed war crimes and civilian suffering but have been notably silent about Israel. Witnessing the inability of mainstream liberals, including many on the progressive left, to speak out against the genocide in Gaza has me trying to understand why.



Why are people silent?

Many knee-jerk defenses of Israel that were common at the beginning of the bombardment have withered away or become ridiculous as the violence continues and more information comes to light. The idea that Israel is acting in self defense or only targeting Hamas fighters as it inflicts mass casualties on an impoverished population is absurd. The continual attempts to justify the bombing of hospitals, universities, refugee camps and people who are desperately trying to get food in the middle of a militarily imposed famine are obviously empty words.

The purpose of all of these lies, however, isn't really to convince people to believe them, it is to overwhelm and confuse those of us who are removed from the violence itself. It is to make people in places like the UK, Germany, and especially the US – whose governments continue to provide Israel with funding and some degree of political cover – tune out and disengage. Arguments like "it's an ancient hatred", "it's too complex, you wouldn't understand" and "there are bad actors on both sides" all boil down to one message; "look away, stop paying attention, let this continue and worry about other things"

It is true that sifting through all of the history and information coming at us daily and trying to verify every contested report is complicated but naming genocide and apartheid and calling for an end to it is not. We can't let complex histories of oppression and fear of imagined futures prevent us from seeing the simple moral truths of the present.

Setting aside the general sense of overwhelm that keeps most people fairly apolitical while trying to survive capitalism, some of reasons people seem to be staying out of this political fight are that criticizing Israel or supporting Palestinian freedom is, or could appear to be, antisemitic or that it would be divisive in an election year when the left needs to be unified. Lets take a look at where these arguments come from and why they fall apart.

"I don't want to be antisemitic"

One of the most common things that prevents people from speaking out against Israeli actions is the worry that it might be antisemitic or otherwise fuel antisemitism to do so; that it is necessary to choose between a concern for the safety and self determination of Palestinians and concern for the safety and self determination of Jews around the world. This idea is powerful, but it is a false choice.

Antisemitism *is* on the rise and important to expose and condemn but this is not a reason to be silent about Palestine and the actions of Israel are doing more to spread it than to combat it. Antisemites use coded language to channel often legitimate outrage about social inequality away from the systems of power that actually oppress people and toward their own racist conspiracy theories that demonize Jewish people. As wealth inequality and the climate crisis destabilize systems and accelerate mass migration, antisemitic and other racist dog-whistles have been employed more openly by right wing parties within many democracies to focus fear and anger into their political projects.

A lot of the arguments made by people who justify Israel's actions are based on the idea that Zionism is the same as Judaism and that supporting the aims of Zionism is the best or only way confront antisemitism and keep Jewish people safe. This conflation is arguably antisemitic itself and, at the very least, is demonstrably untrue.

Zionism is not Judaism. Zionism is a political ideology founded in late 19th century Europe that proposed to use European settler colonial methods to escape European antisemitism. It's principal project has been to establish, defend and expand an explicitly Jewish nation-state in the land that is now Israel and occupied Palestine. Judaism, on the other hand, is a religious and ethnic identity that predates Zionism by millennia. Modern Rabbinic Judaism, developed in diasporic communities around the world, has

and Waiting?

=ON SPEAKING OUT & BEING SILENT DURING GENOCIDE=

always contained many different political and religious view points.

Zionism, like all settler nationalisms – including US manifest destiny and its nostalgia for the 'wild' west – weaponizes fear of the 'savage' indigenous other in order to justify the brutality of occupation. It wrongly asserts that in order to protect the safety and dignity of settlers, it is necessary to strip the dehumanized other of their dignity and their land. It never questions the ethics of settlement and is incapable of imagining living and sharing the land in ways that do not threaten indigenous sovereignty.

The opposition to Zionism has always included Jewish voices, from members of the Jewish Labour Bund who articulated a political vision around the idea of *doikayt* or 'hereness' a century ago to the many anti-Zionist Jews who are active at Palestinian solidarity actions with groups like Jewish Voice for Peace and If Not Now today.

Some of the most vocal Zionists, on the other hand, are well funded evangelicals. There are more Christian Zionists than Jews in the US and many of them believe that Jewish people have to return to the biblical land of Israel in order to bring about the second coming of Christ – it's weird shit.

US support for Israel is not altruistic either. The United States is by far the largest provider of military aid to Israel and while they claim that this is motivated by a desire to protect Jewish lives, it is very clear that having a strong ally in the middle east has done a lot to further American geopolitical objectives. This is evident in a clip of Biden from the 80's where he says: "if there were not an Israel, [the US] would have to invent one" because of its strategic importance to US policy aims.

Israel, by continuing to maintain an apartheid state where the non-Jewish population has a second class or non-citizen status while committing literal genocide and declaring that it represents all Jews is a PR gift for antisemites and will almost certainly lead to more antisemitic attacks around the world. This is a dangerous cycle that can become self-reinforcing and must be stopped.

There is nothing contradictory in denouncing anti-Jewish rhetoric while also calling for an end to the Israeli occupation and genocide in Gaza. Beware, however, of propaganda that willfully misinterprets all pro-Palestinian sentiment as inherently antisemitic, conflates Judaism with Zionism, or polices the language of people experiencing genocidal oppression.

"Its not worth the hassle"

Even when people understand that criticizing Israel is not necessarily antisemitic, they may still be disinclined to talk about it because of the fear that doing so opens them up to social criticism and push back. This is always true when expressing political views that are perceived as controversial, but with Israel-Palestine it can be particularly intense, both because the level of atrocity we are all witnessing is so horrific and because so many Americans have been conditioned to think of Israel as a benevolent and democratic country.

Social media platforms are a vital part of feeling connected to other people who share our values and concerns. Seeing and sharing things from online content creators that are thoughtful and on point has been super important to me in the last few months. The architecture of those spaces, however, can also lead to bad faith interpretations and exaggerated reactions. One of the ironies of outrage culture is that we get so fatigued by intense emotions that we don't know what to do when we are confronted by things that are actually worthy of rage.

Fear of being misunderstood and potentially canceled also makes the stakes feel higher. As we all come under increased scrutiny online, it can lead to out-sized worry about the effects of political missteps on our careers and social circles.

If we are too far removed from the people we are trying to talk to, shared vulnerability can't develop and it is difficult to be in the frame of mind we need to respond with compassion and evaluate information critically. The most fruitful conversations I've had have been in real time with people I know well enough to hear and be heard by in good faith.

While it is true that some people are in situations where being vocal about their support of Palestine can endanger relationships that they depend on for their livelihood, most of us would not face a material threat if we spoke more to the people in our lives about Palestine and our voices might help those who are in more precarious situations.

> It is important for those of us who wish to make the world less shitty to create space in our communities where people are able to say things, even if they use the wrong words, even if they will be subject to criticism and have a lot to learn. It is that kind of space that allows people to learn and grow, it is that space that gives us the tools to live in community with each other.

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In the end there is always a balance between trying to make the world better and protecting our own mental health. It is important, at times, to conserve emotional energy or avoid fights that aren't worth having. I would still encourage those of us who do have the bandwidth (myself included) to push ourselves a bit further out of our comfort zones in expressing our solidarity with Palestinians and the need for ceasefire now.

"It's the lesser of two evils"

Fears of contributing to antisemitism or facing awkward social situations definitely inhibit people, but perhaps the worry that scares US liberals and progressives more as the war drags further into 2024 is the fear that it will splinter the democratic base and allow Trump to win. This fear causes people to shut down or worse, to become like the choruses shouting "four more years" at protesters confronting Biden officials about their complicity in genocide.

Trump is a fascist would-be strong man who is actively trying to subvert democracy in the US and a Trump win would be terrible in a thousand ways. Trump would obviously not bring about any meaningful change in US policy vis-à-vis Israel either except, perhaps, to be more honest about it. But the idea that Biden and his party can continue arming and providing cover for a genocide without facing a political price is ludicrous.

Backed into a corner, many US liberals seem to be hoping the issue will just go away while they label those who cannot remain silent as political spoilers. The problem is that it will not go away. The divide is already there and dismissing it displays a profound lack of empathy that is compietely alienating younger and more radical leftists. If Democrats really want to make the case that Biden is the lesser of two evils, they need to acknowledge that his support of Israel is a problem.

Outro

1948, the year of the initial mass displacement of Palestinians (the Nakba) and foundation of the state of Israel was a pivotal moment. It was just a year or two after the Nuremberg trials had revealed the true horror of the holocaust to the wider world – including to western nations that had turned away people trying to flee because they were seen as undesirable immigrants.

Many people arguing for the defense of Israel have evoked the memory of the holocaust to do so. Over 17 million people, including six million Jews, but also Roma, gays, disabled people, political dissidents and others, were murdered in that genocide and it shamed the world. Over 75 years later, however, some people seem to have learned the wrong lesson from it.

The lesson of the holocaust is not to support Israel at all costs because it is the only way to protect Jewish people or to memorialize the fight against fascism. The lesson of the holocaust is to recognize and disrupt genocidal situations wherever we find them in order to prevent anything like the Nazi holocaust from ever happening again and to build societies that protect all people within them, refusing to scapegoat ethnic and religious minorities and with the understanding that we are all capable, in our silence, of being complicit in atrocity.

People who adopt or avoid political views because they are afraid of being uncomfortable or because they are shamed out of questioning authority are not the people who push their communities towards justice or hold the line when marginalized people are under attack. It was not comfortable to be against Jim Crow in 1925, to help people fleeing the Nazis in 1940 or to be an advocate for gay people in 1955. Those who worked against apartheid and repression in those moments had ethical commitments born of empathy and a willingness to put their own reputations, and often their own bodily safety, on the line.

Genocidal hatred is something we must fight at all costs but it cannot always be defeated by naming and shaming. We who are removed from the direct violence of this genocide need to find ways to speak so that people can hear us and listen so that we are able to learn; to access the compassion needed to make ethical choices and the courage to face the consequences.

The struggle against antisemitism is the struggle for Palestinian Liberation, there is no other way. Settler colonial nations like Israel and the United States need to come to terms with the violence of their origins and move forward with decolonized people toward a shared future – a future where all of the people living from the River Jordan to the Mediterranean Sea and beyond can be free; that is the only way we can all be safe and have the freedom and dignity we deserve.

SCOUT'S GUIDE TO HOUSE ARREST

Gnarly, Reckless, Stupid and Fun

By Curveball

Scout was looking at 14 years of prison time for injuring a white supremacist who was beating the shit out of people at the time while armed with a Smith & Wesson. Their intent was merely to get him to stop causing harm to others, but unsurprisingly it was only Scout who wound up with charges as a result of this altercation. While they were awaiting trial in Portland, Oregon I headed across the country to spend time with them, terrified to lose one of my most beloved friends to the carceral system. The fear and uncertainty we both had at the time was visceral, but neither of us could have predicted what would happen in the subsequent months and years.

At the time, Scout had a total of $8 to their name, so we drove over to the Dollar Store to get some batteries for their GPS ankle monitor. I saw someone talk to Scout as they entered, and when leaving the store I saw them hand that person something. I asked what the exchange was about and found that Scout had given their last two dollars to the guy outside the store. "Well, that guy needed two dollars and I had it", they said. Scout has long served as a striking example of an individual acting from an intrinsic sense of love and care for others. For decades, State pressures and interventions have not been able to dissuade Scout from their relentless pursuit of liberation and generosity. They're the kind of person who will use the entirety of their food stamps to ensure that others have enough to eat while being satisfied eating from the trash or letting themself go hungry.

I had been following Scout's trials and extradition process every day since the night they called at 3am from a county jail. Throughout the months that they were in jail we kept in touch daily and I revolved my schedule around making sure they could have contact with the outside world. Our network of friends were finally able to get Scout out of jail on bail after four months of incarceration. At the time of my visit, Scout was attached to the aforementioned GPS ankle monitor, a device psychologically tormenting them with the illusion of almost-freedom that buzzes and blinks with a red light if they leave the county or if its charge is low. Scout was required to pay for and regularly charge it themself, manipulating Scout into being an active participant in their own confinement. The ankle monitor felt like a microcosm of a broader reality. The more it seems we try to deviate from or push back against destructive, extractive, oppressive forces such as those central to our unjust systems of power, the more resistant, violent, and encroaching their stranglehold seems to become. Since the beginning of civilization, food and other basic necessities have been used as primary weapons for the consolidation of power and manipulation of populations and their survival to serve the interests of those who hold power. Today these forces exist at a daunting, seemingly all-consuming global level. In Scout's case, and in the case of our contemporary systems, there are numerous normalized forces intentionally serving as barriers to autonomy, with outcomes that most of us have no control over whatsoever.

> It occurred to me that we have very little sway in changing systems of power and the idea of taking back control of them seems laughable

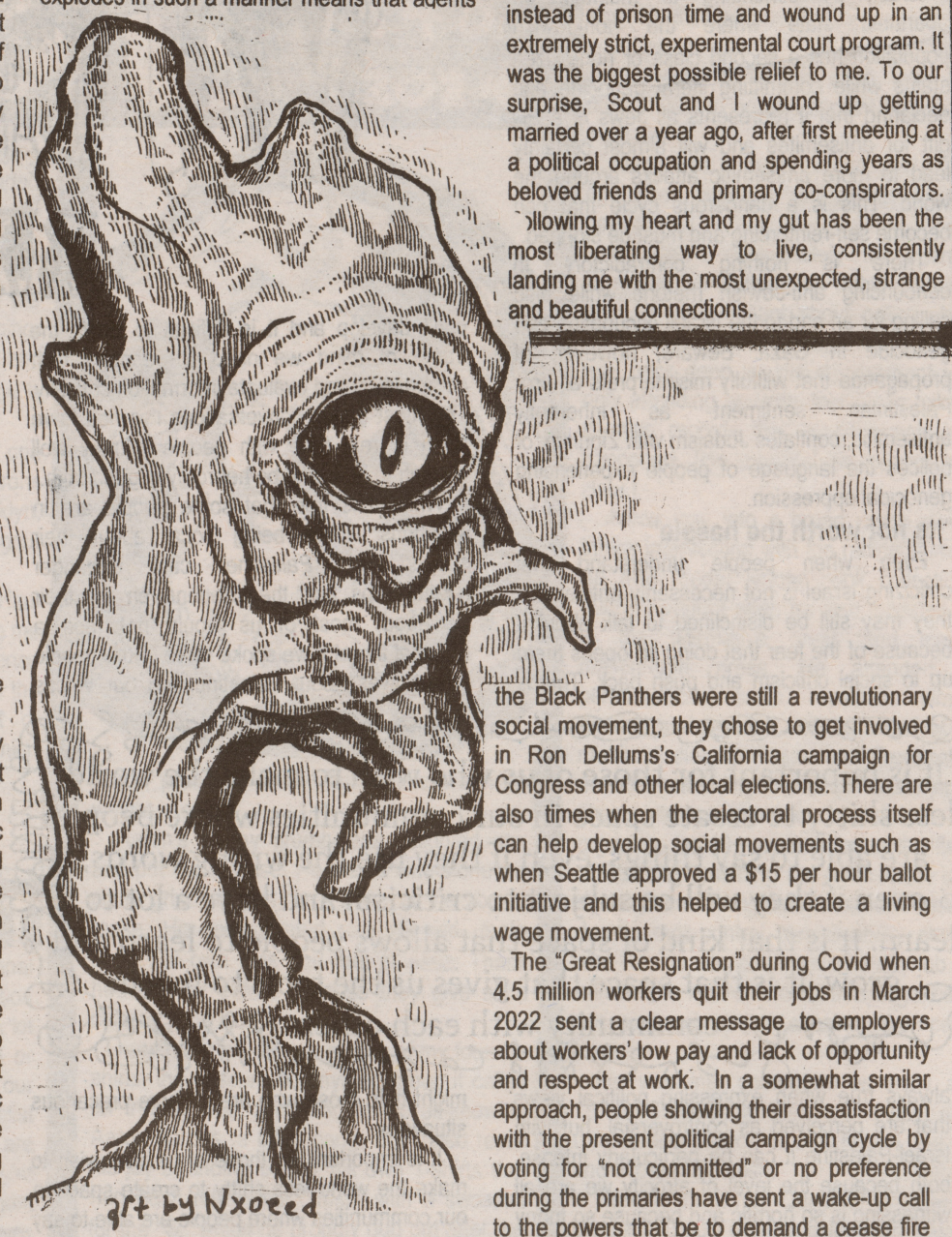
My intention in coming back to Portland, Oregon was to create some space for a friend who has protected me from injury and arrest on countless occasions, to feel some sense of joy and freedom while their own future is so uncertain, so Scout and I went on a deeply therapeutic and beautiful journey together. We slept in an empty construction area while feasting on a variety of snacks from around the world. We laughed and howled at the full moon and the following day found countless waterfalls and pathways full of wild growth within Scout's confined geographic region. We excitedly marveled at all of the moss and fungi and trees, cheering on the growth of the natural world. We discussed the inevitable cheer we give whenever a dandelion busts through the city concrete or when a blanket of moss and roots and vines take over some hunk of metal junk in the woods.

We also did things that were, as Scout said, "gnarly, stupid, reckless, and fun" and found moments of true freedom even amidst the repeated reminders from their ankle monitor of the omniscient force of the State. It occurred to me that we have very little sway in changing systems of power and the idea of taking back control of them seems laughable and even unhelpful, but maybe there is some hope to be found in facilitating rupture through building meaningful connections to places and to others across species. Scout has a remarkable connection to and knowledge of the Pacific Northwest bioregion and has spent time living on sidewalks, under bridges, on hilltops and in trees out there. They know which truck stops are most hostile to hitchhikers and which wooded areas are best for mushroom foraging. A strong connection to place and to people that transcends social scripts seems to me to be a good foundation for transformative rupture.

The tents dotting the city sidewalks are dandelions erupting from the concrete as well. Maligned indicators of wildness and rupture. These symbols of unapologetic defiance make those who perpetuate inequities deeply uncomfortable. People should have access to necessities and comfort of course, but a place where the rebellion of the dispossessed explodes in such a manner means that agents of so-called civility can no longer make poverty invisible, so that those who own property can be comfortable. Housing in our civilization is designed for isolation, and this is something that desperately needs to be remedied. Although it was in many ways harsh and severely uncomfortable, I have never felt a stronger sense of interconnectedness than I did when I was living on those sidewalks as well. In some ways, the countless tents juxtaposed with a boarded up City Hall and Justice Center made me more hopeful than any march or any form of performative activism. I imagine the actualization of processes for the decolonization of various institutions and systems to look much like rupture as well. Maybe if we can build strong relationships with others and with the land we are on, we can nurture and cultivate synergetic and vibrant multi-species ecosystems that can emerge from and overtake our gridded, regimented, concretized civilizations.

Sometimes power dynamics in imposed systems and institutions are obvious, but they are often instead embedded and normalized so much that they become invisible. Are there normative power struggles or injustices that were at one point invisible to you that you have come to recognize? Are there ways we can use joyful rupture in everyday life to create some space for freedoms that recognize and counteract imposed, oppressive forces, or that make normalized forces visible to others?

Connection is key. Life has a way of throwing curveballs sometimes, and as it turns out, solidarity and love are highly intertwined emotions. Scout thankfully got probation instead of prison time and wound up in an extremely strict, experimental court program. It was the biggest possible relief to me. To our surprise, Scout and I wound up getting married over a year ago, after first meeting at a political occupation and spending years as beloved friends and primary co-conspirators. Following my heart and my gut has been the most liberating way to live, consistently landing me with the most unexpected, strange and beautiful connections.



WHEN THE POLITICAL CHARADE COMES ALONG: SOCIAL INJUSTICE ANTIWAR ACTIVISM AND POLITICAL DEMOCRACY

by JM

An opportunity presented by the political campaigns now in progress is that they bring social issues to the forefront of people's minds. The challenge for political radicals is how to mobilize this energy to help advance solutions that go beyond those offered by the system. Social movement activity, union and community organizing, direct action, and consciousness raising are avenues to harness the interest generated during the campaign period. These activities help in dealing with faux short-term issues that are raised by campaigns to sway support in a candidate's direction while long term issues such as environmental and social justice are ignored or only given lip service. Saul Alinsky, author of "Rules for Radicals" wrote that community organizers should function as outsiders pressuring officials and not get entangled in electoral alliances.

Socioeconomic redistribution plays a major part in social injustice issues here in the US. Creating unions and participating in union activities can play a huge role in moving public focus from the political campaign cycle to more concrete ways to achieve a more equitable society.

One of the ways to create participatory democracy is to broaden ownership so that workers can be more active in the decision making where they work. Without economic democracy, there is no real political democracy. Political authority ought to come from workplace democracy rather than from the political campaign cycle. Social movements can be help push the current economic system in new directions. While cultural and racial injustices are often linked to economic inequality, some injustices cannot be remedied by redistribution and economic democracy alone. For instance, social service policies stigmatize single mothers as being sexually irresponsible and police use 'racial profiling' that associates a non-white pe with criminality.

The United States is ranked #36 by Democracy Matrix, yet often propaganda put out by the US to justify military interventions in other countries' claim that the US acts to preserve or obtain democracy. Political campaigns often serve as vehicles to create the illusion that we have some sort of real say about what happens in this country, so taking part in these cycles can help to legitimize the current system.

This is not to deny that there are times and issues where it may be valid to express oneself in a political campaign setting. When the Black Panthers were still a revolutionary social movement, they chose to get involved in Ron Dellums's California campaign for Congress and other local elections. There are also times when the electoral process itself can help develop social movements such as when Seattle approved a $15 per hour ballot initiative and this helped to create a living wage movement.

The "Great Resignation" during Covid when 4.5 million workers quit their jobs in March 2022 sent a clear message to employers about workers' low pay and lack of opportunity and respect at work. In a somewhat similar approach, people showing their dissatisfaction with the present political campaign cycle by voting for "not committed" or no preference during the primaries have sent a wake-up call to the powers that be to demand a cease fire in Gaza. While alienation from the electoral process can produce worthwhile political results, the ongoing mobilization of voter expressions can coalesce to form a broader community vision that uses direct action, union organizing, and other tactics to imagine a positive future.

RESISTING THE NEO LIBERAL UNIVERSITY & UNETHICAL INVESTMENTS

by DD

Once I realized that I did not truly need to be at the university to learn, thinking through what it means to be a student became complicated. I grew up in a privileged situation where attending university was something I always assumed I would do. The way I saw it, the university would facilitate my learning and be a time where I could connect with others to think through ways to make changes for a more equitable society. Looking back, it's hard not to see this as merely naive, yet lovely, aspirations of a 17-year-old.

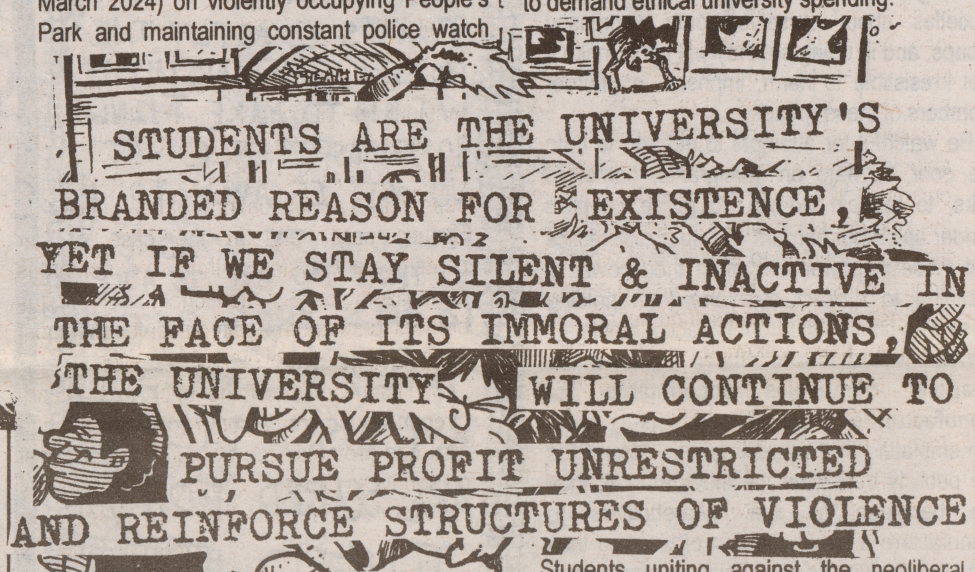
I'm sure many of my community members and peers can relate to this feeling of "once I go to ___ or do ___, I can change ___." Capitalism's focus on hyper-specialization has shaped an economics-focused society that socializes us to compartmentalize our lives in this manner. We are told that first we will study and learn in our academic "career" to build those "skills" that can equip us to best "market ourselves" to future employer — the neoliberal hyper-focus on productivity and individualism at its peak. Then, we are expected to use those skills in our careers to influence our community, or for some, to just get paid. Note how "academic" is absent in this later "career" section. Apparently, any learning we do in this stage falls under our jobs. Even for those of us who work during our time in university, work is often seen as merely a financial end to fund our education. Spelling it out in this manner clarifies just how wrong this idea is: the fact that this is something many of us have had to question and collectively unlearn is important. The notion that students learn now in order to act later ignores the fact that we are constantly learning and acting throughout every moment of our lives, whether we acknowledge it or not. Inaction remains an active choice.

While long days of classes, ceaseless assignments and exams, and the ever-looming question of the future post-graduation keeps us tied to the rat race, we are in a powerful (and very privileged) position to make demands as students and contributors to the university. Funded by our tuition, and all the university's other forms of revenue, the university invests in maintaining inequality and war, locally and globally. I will focus here on the University of California (UC) system, but this analysis of university investments can be applied to many higher education institutions.

The UC Investments touts its portfolio of $169 billion in investments. It's an unfathomable amount of money that is used to keep violent systems in power.

The UC gives billions and entrusts portfolio management to BlackRock, one of the largest weapons and war investors. They fund the genocide in Palestine, the violence in the Philippines, and the prison-industrial complex in the United States. While actively teaching about the social and political impact of global violence and the issue of corporations profiting off of exploited labor in prisons, the university continues to invest in these problems.

The UC funds the housing crisis through its $7+ billion investments in Blackstone, one of the largest corporate landlords and the largest student housing owner in the United States. Rather than providing its students with housing relief, the UC invests in and profits off of corporate housing consolidation and raises rent for both students near the university and communities nationwide. Meanwhile, UC Berkeley has spent over $6.6 million (as of March 2024) on violently occupying People's Park and maintaining constant police watch cutting corporate profits in the Boycott, Divestment, and Sanction (BDS) movement to cease our financial support to Israel. The Sather Gate Blockade has disrupted the general flow of students into campus, reminding them of the ongoing genocide in Palestine and the University's complicity. Students continue to maintain the Berkeley Student Food Collective in active opposition to corporate food chains on campus. Campus and community members have resisted the UC occupation of People's Park, setting up The People's Free Store. Berkeley housing co-ops persist to offer community alternatives to corporate landlords' high rental prices. Campus members continue to come together to demand ethical university spending.



under the claim of "solving the student housing crisis," despite having many other land options to build student housing on. It's clear the UC has no interest in solving the housing affordability crisis they financially maintain and benefit from.

UC Berkeley's pursuit of profits continues to triumph over its ethical codes of conduct. In July 2023, UC Berkeley signed on to a licensing contract with Nike amidst their international labor violation of $800,000 in wage theft at their factories that produce university apparel. Students are the university's branded reason for existence, yet if we stay silent and inactive in the face of its immoral actions, the university will continue to pursue profits unrestricted and reinforce structures of violence.

It's in the interest of the university, and other similarly financialized institutions, that we view our lives through a consumer lens. Students pay high tuition and housing costs because we believe that our investment in an academic education will have a high return — it's what keeps the university business running. Neoliberalism's key feature is the way it views people as individual economic actors, or consumers, whose identities are tied to and shaped by our consumption. As students, we are regarded as consumers of the university system: the lectured information and the belief in a degree's importance. When people ask us about ourselves, we often respond by referencing our position as students and the specialized major that we have selected. If so much of our time and identity is tied to our university, we must demand that it reflects community values. If we are going to be treated as mere consumers, then at least be an informed one and use your position to demand the university's funds be allocated ethically, non-violently, and in promotion of an equitable society.

Currently, our community is succeeding in

Students uniting against the neoliberal university is not a new phenomenon. It succeeded in 1986 when students kept sustained pressure on the UC to divest $3.1 billion from companies doing business with apartheid South Africa. It succeeded from 1969 until this year as students and community members united against the university and its police and National Guard backing to maintain People's Park as a sacred space for mutual aid and community-building. It succeeded with the United Students Against Sweatshop movements that forced hundreds of universities to cut contracts with apparel companies that ran sweatshops and violently suppressed unions abroad. This, in turn, forced companies to make major structural changes along their supply chains to regain university business. All of these movements could not have happened without essential community support and students realizing and acting upon their power as students.

The university is a business, investor, and economic powerhouse that funds wars and genocide and maintains the housing crisis and international labor divide. There's a reason why "people over profit" has been the longstanding rallying cry across the nation. When learning about global systematic inequality at the university, do not isolate yourself in a cozy student bubble. Resistance should feel uncomfortable, and you are in the perfect position to act against the violent systems the university funds to maintain. Resistance can take many forms. It can begin with raising awareness about the university's global role and responsibility, but it does not end there. Show up to the many protests that continue throughout the semester, send the Chancellor letters demanding divestment, and organize and disrupt the normal school day. Students have made changes historically, and we can act to make necessary changes right now.

by Anonymous

The struggle to stop the Bay Area Cop Campus — a $44 million police training facility under construction in the heart of San Pablo, California near City Hall at the corner of San Pablo Avenue and Church Lane — is connected with struggles over Palestinian liberation, and fascism, settler colonialism and militarism wherever they appear. The project broke ground in 2023 for a 42,000-square-foot center including a 20-lane indoor gun range, a virtual reality training room, and more.

Guided by the Zapatista's organizing principle that international solidarity means fighting our struggles at home, many in the Bay Area feel compelled to examine how to bring the fight for a Free Palestine into our local communities. The Palestinian Youth Movement (PYM) and other Palestinian and non-Palestinian folks have done incredible work to mobilize masses of people to disrupt the everyday flow of life in the San Francisco Bay Area, along with numerous other cities around the so-called United States, with multiple bridge and highway shut downs — forcing Americans to reckon with the nature of the genocidal Zionist project, an extension of American projects of war and colonization.

The strategic purpose in making a "regular life" disconnected from the horrific violence at the core of US imperialism — in part to pressure decision makers (whether political or corporate) — is understandable. We have a responsibility to examine how our current efforts in solidarity with Palestine can also cultivate political affinity, social connections, and organizing infrastructure that enables the longevity of social and political struggles for collective liberation.

The Israeli Occupation Forces have long used Gaza as a military laboratory for the evolving tools of genocide, policing, and their technologies – the same technologies, strategies and training that are shared with police departments in the so-called U.S. The explosion of Cop Cities across the country is without doubt building off longstanding relationships between US police departments and the Israeli military. These ties are clear in elements of the Cop Campus design, including the proposed drone tech center and a VR conflict simulator room. Cop Campus will enable increased regional cooperation of militarized police forces to monitor, harass, control and murder marginalized communities in the Bay Area. Cop Campus is an extension of the "Deadly Exchange," a local manifestation of the military industrial complex and the theft of resources for destruction.

Sensemaking in Harsh times: the argument for co-ops, not

By the Co-op Cheerleader Squad

How do we make sense of things when everything seems to be falling apart? This may seem like a simple question, but everything depends upon it. Sensemaking is the practice of directing raw feelings towards stories that supposedly explain why those feelings are there. It's an evolutionary trait in humans, and it helps us come together to solve problems that are bigger than any one of us. When sensemaking is corrupted, though, it can be directed towards fantasies that forestall changing the conditions from which harm is occurring[1].

During times of economic and environmental strife, those whose actions have caused the strife will do everything they can to deflect blame away from themselves, inventing scapegoats. This is why, every time capitalism causes mass strife (as it is designed to do), the capitalists will platform fascist performance artists who invent scapegoats as a way of deflecting blame from the capitalists.[2] The fascists will tempt us to blame and harm members of groups who are already being oppressed. They will tempt us to identify with the capitalists who oppress us rather than with our neighbors. They will urge us to project our anxieties about ourselves onto oppressed groups, and in doing so, they will try to make it feel irresistible to harm, imprison, or murder members of these groups.

Be watchful for attempts to get you to hate the poor, to hate on immigrants, homeless folks, to restrain women, to police people's gender and other borders. These are all tactics that those in power use when their power is declining to distract everyone from holding those who caused the troubles accountable.

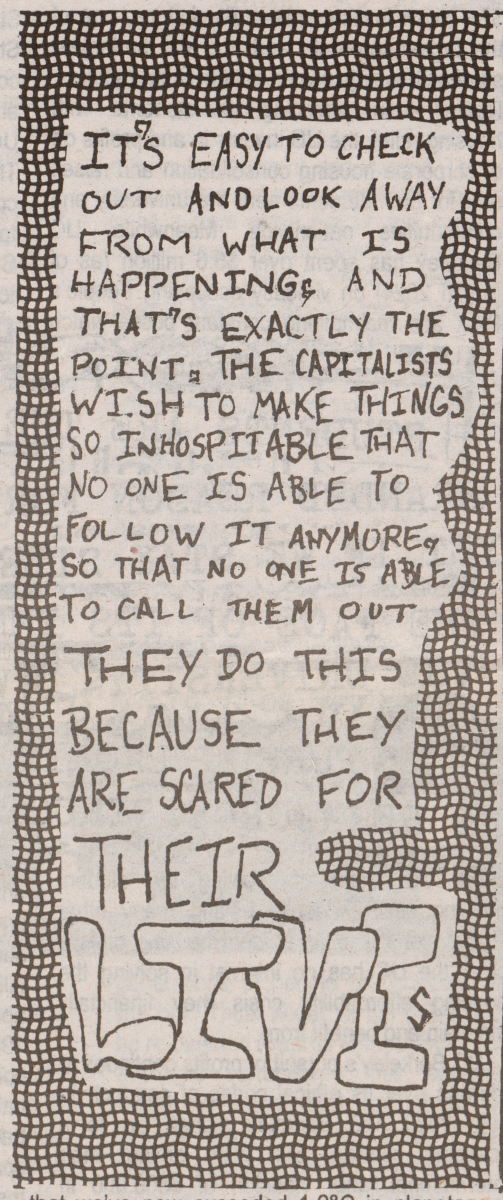
What would it look like if we held the weapons companies accountable for manufacturing wars? It is worth contemplating that when weapons companies are publicly traded on the stock market, they are beholden to their shareholders to manufacture a steady stream of wars so they can keep making bombs. This is a terrible way to do things, but we can't resist it if we're constantly fighting with each other.

What would it look like if we held the prison contractors accountable for amplifying conditions that continue to produce prisoners? In an effort to keep prison beds filled (taxpayers are often charged over $600 a day per prisoner – private prisons are truly a racket) the criminal justice system is currently designed to keep people incarcerated out of concern for those profit margins, rather than what is best for individuals and communities. Why aren't we supporting community organizations that are guided by those who live in those communities to help create the enriching, local supports folks need so they can build meaningful lives?

What would it look like if we held medical insurance companies responsible for artificially inflating the cost of healthcare? The current for-profit medical system is more expensive to taxpayers than a universal health care system would be. What are we doing? Private health insurance is an assault against all of us — against our well-being, and against our ability to live. Over 100 million Americans currently have medical debt. When will enough be enough?

What would it look like if rents were affordable and housing was accessible to everyone? Presently over 3,400 housing units are being held empty here in the City of Berkeley. **There is no housing crisis -- this is a hoarding crisis**, a hoarding crisis that is being manufactured by capitalist real estate firms. Ancient laws upon which the earliest civilizations were founded forbid the holding of land without it being used. The rage from this will eventually boil over.

What would it look like if fossil fuels were phased out and we rapidly rolled out alternatives? Currently, over $7 trillion dollars in annual subsidies are being given to fossil fuel companies to support the expansion of fossil fuel infrastructure, even amidst the crises that have already unfolded due to the reality that we've now exceeded 1.2°C in planetary warming above the pre-industrial average.



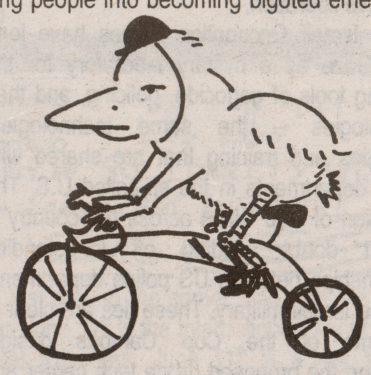
Why aren't we putting all our effort into transitioning to a better energy system when our planet's very habitability is at risk? I'll tell you why: To protect the investments of those who benefit from fossil fuel production. Over 50 million people around the world have already lost their homes and become refugees due to climate change. Yet, the capitalists thrive on chaos, so to them, this isn't a glitch but rather part of the system. If they criminalize climate refugees, they can use them to fill beds in private prisons for immigrants. This is already happening. The capitalists will not be deterred by the harm their behavior is causing. They will only find ways to create new occasions for profit.

Every system it touches, capitalism breaks. From energy to weapons to education to medicine. The capitalists continually attempt to distract everyone by manufacturing villain groups, but their ability to create fear around these groups is growing thin. In this regard, they are ramping up their efforts, trying to find any way they can to manufacture consent to their rule. This includes fearmongering in the mass media, and it has an impact at local levels. In the last few years, we've seen books banned simply for having Black or queer characters. We've seen laws go into effect banning gender affirming care for minors. We've seen an increased assault upon immigrants—who are fleeing crises that American businesspeople manufactured. We've also seen reproductive rights stripped away. They are doing everything they can to sow discord and chaos, to get us fighting with each other so they can keep raking in cash.

It can be a lot of handle, and it can easy to disassociate. It's easy to check out and look away from what is happening. And that's exactly the point. The capitalists wish to make things so inhospitable that no one is able to follow it anymore, so that no one is able to call them out. They do this because they are scared for their lives.

In the 1890s, bankers were executed for the public social harm their actions caused. Since that time, capitalists have worked strategically to make sure that amidst ever-crashing the economy, they have scapegoats set up as a way to cover their asses, distractions so they can continue extracting profit, so they won't be held accountable. How can anyone hold them accountable when we are all suffering from the trauma of 1000 cuts — of dealing with evictions, homelessness, bigotry and the trauma of being seduced to fearing your own neighbors?

In his exploration of embodied forms of racism in the book *My Grandmother's Hands*, therapist Resmaa Menakem explores how fooling people into becoming bigoted emerges



from and creates its own form of trauma that is held in the body. When capitalists platform fascists, they are directing harm towards everyone, including those they intend to recruit. The capitalists are compelling escalating cycles of harm because they know if we are all hurting, we will have no energy left to hold them accountable.

What if we do something else instead? What if we build a new economy that doesn't operate under the logic of capitalism? What if we start building up the cooperative economy?

Co-ops aren't run on a wall-street style model of creating profit for non-involved investors. Rather, they are controlled and owned by the people who use them. In this way, the growth of the co-op movement can help prevent types of issues that arise when the capitalists mindlessly control the means of production from a distance, making decisions based on the math of getting more money for their shareholders rather than the needs of the real human economy on the ground.

Transitioning to co-ops is a great way to bring all things we produce and exchange back into the hands of the people, creating localized and meaningful networks to organize how we work, play, and support each other.

Co-op workplaces are also better for the environment. A growing body of research has shown that co-ops tend to make better decisions about resources that lead to less pollution and lower emissions. When people have the power to democratically run the workplaces in their lives, they tend to make better decisions for the planet and environment.

Co-ops make a lot more sense than what the fascists claim to be offering. When it comes to making sense of the pain a lot of us are feeling right now, why not direct these feelings towards working together to create things that operate outside of the Wall-Street logic that got us here?

In the Bay Area, organizations like The Network of Bay Area Worker Cooperatives, or NoBAWC (pronounced "No Boss") and the Sustainable Economies Law Center (SELC) have helped support the regional and state-wide growth of the cooperative workplace movement. The US Federation of Worker Cooperatives and the Democracy at Work Institute are also doing from great work at the national level.

Don't forget housing co-ops! Beyond workplace co-ops, you can also create a home or housing community that is democratically owned and managed by tenants. Housing co-ops can be leveraged as a way of building up access to housing, working strategically to remove capitalist real-estate firms from the equation. A great example of a housing co-op

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[1] If you're interested in studying sensemaking, look into the "Affect Theory" of Lauren Berlant, the "Conjunctural Analysis" of Stuart Hall, and *Down to Earth* by Bruno Latour.

[2] Fascism is a political approach that arose alongside the advent of mass media in capitalist countries. The first occurrence of fascism was in Italy in the early 1900s, where the party led by Mussolini was literally called the "Fascist" (Fascista) party. Another feature of fascism is the performative centering of father figures alongside nostalgia for some mythic past ("Make Germany Great Again"), while being offered the false bargain to gain that figure's love and reclaim that past (that never was) by harming minority groups who have been targeted as scapegoats for the troubles caused by the capitalists. To learn more about the characteristics of fascism, plus get some reading suggestions, check out our article in the last issue of Slingshot titled, "The Big Fart: Here's What Everyone Needs to Know about Fascism."

Times fascism

project doing good work is the East Bay Permanent Real Estate Cooperative (EB PREC), which is democratically owned and managed by people of color, and which works with/as tenants to acquire and co-steward affordable cooperative housing. Also, the student-owned dorms at UC Berkeley are another great example.

Imagine if all the housing units currently being held empty were converted into cooperative housing? We could house everyone who is currently homeless, as well as incoming climate refugees to boot!

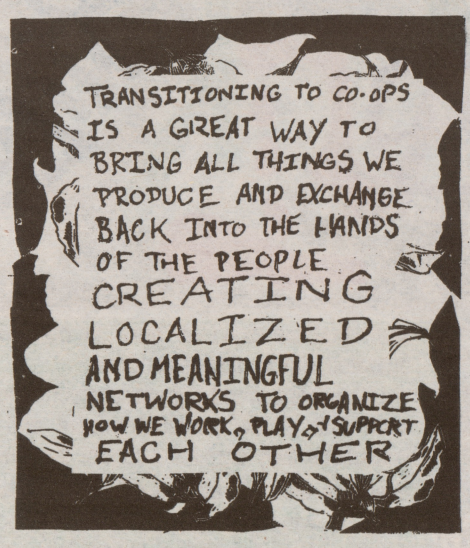
Building up the co-op economy is a form of preventative medicine. Having workplaces and housing owned and managed by the people who use them helps reduce the types of unstable conditions that exacerbate social harm, conditions that compel capitalists to platform fascists.

What would a cooperative transition look like in medicine, energy, and education? What would it look like to transition to a more down-to-Earth economy guided democratically by the people, rather than the Stock Market (aka rich people's feelings)?

These are intense times, but there are still strategies we can use to steer towards the best outcomes for everyone. Imagine a world governed by federated bioregional cooperative commonwealths. Building this world will be a long, hard road, but one filled with adventure, comfort, and love. Starting a cooperative is an act of love for yourself, your fellow workers, and all life on this planet.

Co-ops are imperfect — and that's the point! When we make co-ops, a lot of the drama that's currently been separated from our lives due to 4th wall capitalist politics suddenly come crashing into ourselves, and we find that when we don't get to pretend to be machine cogs anymore, our lives become a lot more complex.

As we co-create our cooperative selves, we evolve into more dynamic, holistic beings who are part-celebrity, part-worker, part-revolutionary, part-scholar, part novice, part-expert, part-prince/ss, part-jerk, part-lover, part-fighter. You can't hide away and blame



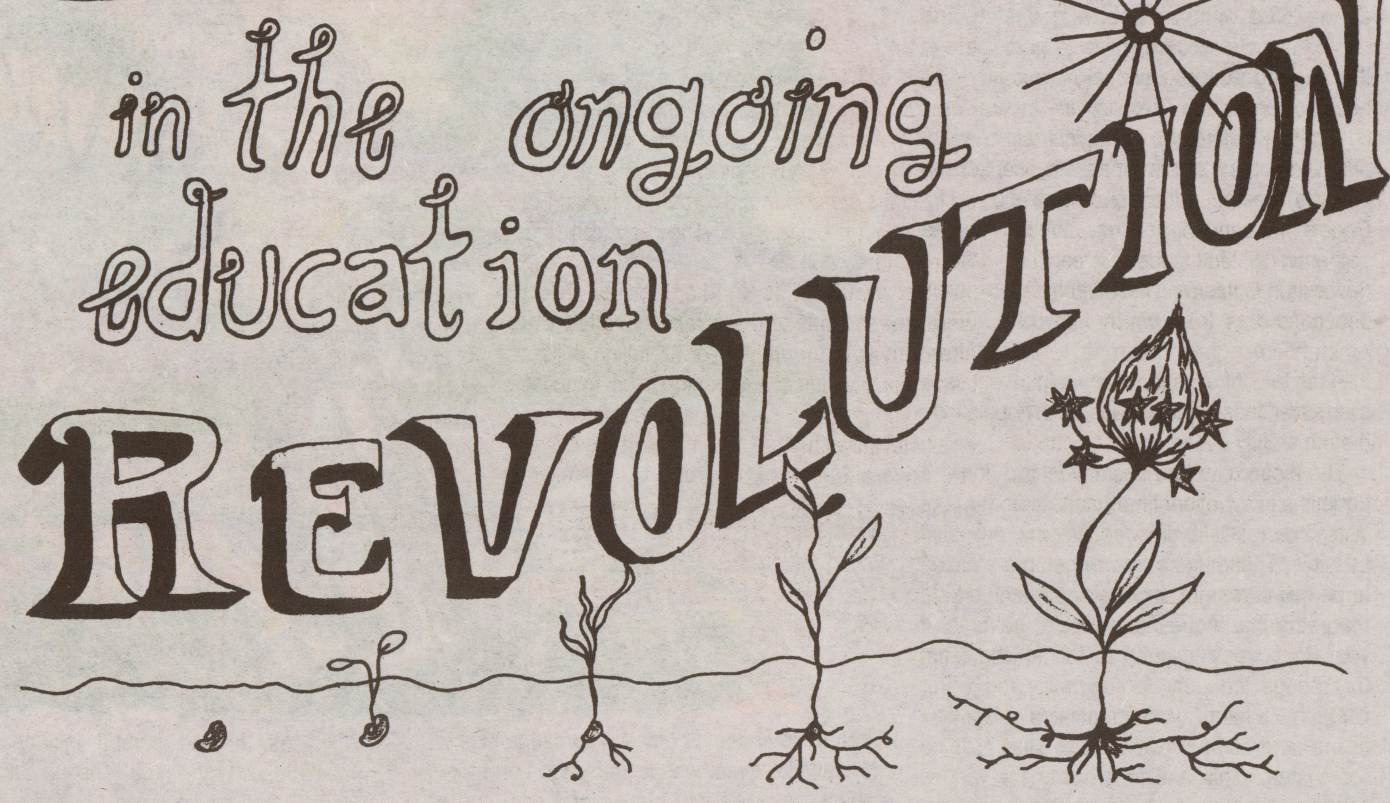
the boss anymore when you're building a democratic, bossless movement.

Those who have a utopian vision of some kind of glossy, propaganda-poster-style revolution sound like they are just spouting hot air to those who have helped build co-ops on the ground. In a co-op world, none of us get to be perfect, and that's exactly why it's revolutionary: Everyone gets a little covered in that mud, and from that mud, a new world can grow.

Further reading:

- *Your guide to the cooperative movement* by the Tesa Collective (tesacollective.com/study-guide-to-the-cooperative-movement/)
- *Democracy at Work* by Richard Wolff
- *No gods, No monsters* (novel with co-ops and monsters) by CadwellTurnbull
- Collective Courage: A History of African American Cooperative Economic Thought and Practice by Jessica Gordon Nembhard
- Naomi Klein's books *Shock Doctrine* and *This Changes Everything*
- *Cooperatives in the Global Economy* ed. by Tapas R. Dash
- *Gaming the Stage* by Gina Bloom (explores how 4th wall theatre and capitalism go hand-in-hand)

FOSTERING TRUST in the ongoing EDUCATION REVOLUTION



By Shell

When you become a teacher in and for the American education system, you're expected to put everything above yourself: the students, the work, the atmosphere, and especially the overall performance of the school. Am I — a human who gives and receives — not deeply and symbiotically tethered to the concept of *everything*? How can I improve lives if my life is consistently considered an afterthought?

Additionally, becoming a Black teacher means piling more things, heavy truths, on top of all the loaded truths that you were already suffocating under. I'm not even alluding to the political climate, though I could be.

Every day this country that I was forced to pledge allegiance to from the ages of six to seventeen is murdering and displacing Black and Brown communities all over the planet, and they are not only doing this in the places that we all know for a fact they are doing this.

Additionally, "Intricate, invisible webs...link some of the world's largest food companies and most popular brands to jobs performed by U.S. prisoners nationwide, according to a sweeping two-year AP investigation into prison labor that tied hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of agricultural products to goods sold on the open market" (McDowell and Mason 2024.) You can go to prisonpolicy.org and look at the various graphs and statistics, then infer the race of many of these prisoners who are forced to work like slaves, enabling the convenience of the rest of us.

On top of all that, while simultaneously teaching students the difference between intent and impact, we are expected to work alongside people who are so afraid of looking like racists that they will quickly respond with a version of "Well, I didn't mean to hurt you," when confronted with a POC's version of "I want you to treat me differently."

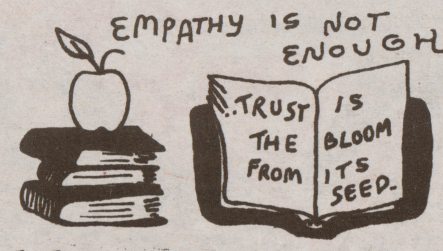
What I experienced as a multi-racial, Black presenting teacher in a charter school centered on social justice in Greensboro, North Carolina, is far too nuanced to be referred to as simply racism or prejudice. I received a lot of what felt like genuine care and support at times from various staff, even from those who hurt me and drove me to the point of abandoning my position, mid-day. I won't and can't justify my pain and disappointment by claiming that things were bad for me all of the time. The underlying issue was this: while I felt heard at various times, I was never fully trusted. I never trusted the educators I worked with either.

We need to understand that people can be and often are racist, prejudiced, or plain rude without intending to be because ultimately we're all operating within the larger context of colonialism. Action is the biggest indicator of a sincere ally.

Unfortunately, I was surrounded by quite a few teachers who seemed to feel that they were such *good* antiracist educators and communicators that they had no room to grow, or to learn how to grow, from adults with different perspectives. There were also those educators who claimed to be antiracist but were only interested in rectifying guilt. Not all educators are like this, but enough are.

It's normal to be ignorant and wrong, and even to hurt others in the process of discovering the ethical way to treat humans in this unethical system. Failure is not futile, and failing to consider the needs of others can only be wrong once the failure knows better. Adults tend to forget what it means to grow. Starting life with limited knowledge and accumulating different experiences and perspectives as time moves is exactly how aging works.

What I've learned from encouraging the growth of children, though, is that there needs to be a framework of communication that allows educators to hear one another without guiltily and automatically defending ignorance; otherwise, no one will morally succeed. To prevent microaggressions and misunderstandings from blossoming into full-on hatred, we have to be able to give and receive



We need to understand that people can be and often are racist, prejudiced, or plain rude without intending to be because ultimately we're all operating within the larger context of colonialism. Action is the biggest indicator of a sincere ally.

redirections and criticisms from a place of sincerity. We have to build and foster the trust that we falsely assume already exists in workplaces.

If Audre Lorde is correct, and guilt "is only another way of avoiding informed action, of buying time out of the pressing need to make clear choices," how much time are teachers wasting when they can't implement the empathetic strategies they teach their students?

In this context of systemic immorality, learning needs to be treated as an ongoing process. The purpose of learning how to hear and eventually trust one another as educators should not be to fulfill the soulless goals of getting our students "college and career ready" like the state standards demand; we need to foster solidarity as quickly and deliberately as possible to survive what's coming politically and culturally.

Understandably, many POC I know are hesitant to take on the responsibility and emotional burdens of facilitating open communication across the nuanced lines of race and class. Large numbers of non-POC willing to work through ego and unresolved tensions seem to be missing from the spaces I occupy. I'm always worried that all of our feelings, opinions, and questions have been irrevocably repressed, and that we're all so afraid of unleashing the (potentially controversial) implications of equity that no one will speak from their souls and take up the mantle.

Trust is the major reward for speaking up, and it is the only act strong enough to break the grip of distrust. Empathy is not enough — trust is the bloom from its seed. An equitable community takes trust, which must be fostered by every single shred of that community. In a loaded conversation, trust will conquer ego and tone, and clarify intention. A revolution is happening, and if educators cannot communicate effectively enough to agree on values and fight alongside each other, who can the children trust?

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Suggesting is Volunteering

by The Professor

Dear potential collaborator: I'm volunteering at the 53rd annual rainbow gathering and hoping to show you incentive to participate in this exciting and educational opportunity. I've been using it as training in mutual aid, equitable distribution, ecological enrichment, primitive skills, public speaking, consensus process, peer education, sanitation etc. People have strong feelings about what the gathering is, but most agree that it is a multicultural interfaith assembly to practice peace (and in this country defend our First Amendment right). Everyone is invited from the 1st to 7th of July. The main event is a silent meditation from dawn until noonish on the 4th of July.

The location will be decided in mid June. I hope it is in a National Forest in California, but Washington, Oklahoma or Arizona are also possible. Those that arrive for setup are asked to be self-sufficient, and their decisions create the paths that thousands will later traverse. If you are already inspired to tap in, the team that brings the gear for a gravity fed water filtration system communicates regularly online, and some arrive early to start building the system. This makes it easier for various primitive kitchens to build near the faucets, saving labor as they scale up to serving thousands of meals a day.

"Info" is a group that makes a map and sets up a workshop board where people (and hopefully you!) offer activities such as: plant identification, astronomy, new age beliefs, talking circles, yoga, meditation, music and so much more. I really encourage people to share their skills and passions with others. It's beautiful to watch as someone progresses from timid to confident and then can teach another. This is empowered by an ethos that "suggesting is volunteering" so if you see a task to do, it might be easier to just do it rather than try to find and convince someone else to. My favorite event was a "massage ceremony" where we broke into groups of 5 or 6 and all took turns focusing on one person.

Some camps that have been attending recently include:

- "Lovin' Ovens" builds a bakery; tables, racks, ovens made of 55 gallon drums built up with rocks and mud (if clay isn't around).
- "Granola funk" builds a stage to host shows.
- "Instant soup" serves vegan food all hours.
- "Casual encounters" is gluten free and focuses on breakfast.
- "Everyone's Medical" provides first aid.
- "Nic@Night" gives away cigarettes.
- "Stitch & Witch" focuses on crafts and herbalism.
- Religious themed camps include: Home Shalom, Jesus Loves You, Krishna Camp.

Usually by the solstice, a daily meal is served in the main meadow to the growing population. A few crucial announcements are made, then pots of intimidating size go around to everyone sitting in the circle. A small parade asks for donations which are taken to the center and counted by as many people as want to be involved. This process is called banking counsel and members have someone yell loudly at the crowd to attend, but participation is always low or extremely low.

"Main supply" is the group that buys and transports food then separates it into portions for kitchens that have been serving the main meal, and others when there is surplus. Through bulk purchasing, the low per-person donation average still allows for an abundant food supply. I love observing how whe community cooperation provides for most needs, the grateful eagerly look for ways to contribute.

We meme that "clean up starts when you get here" but once the event is over, people are heavily encouraged to quickly leave or move near the camp coordinating clean up. Crews assemble every morning to remove trash and disappear trails, fire pits, camp foot prints, occasionally meeting with forest service for site specific requests.

There is no official website, but I really value the perspective of this author:
https://2024rainbowgathering.blogspot.com

Liberate People's Park! Organize

By Jesse D. Palmer

In the middle of the night on January 3, the University of California (UC) called in hundreds of police to seize People's Park in Berkeley — arresting a handful of people who refused to move. UC then used about 160 empty steel shipping containers to build a 17 foot tall wall all the way around the 2.8 acre Park — topped in places with razor wire and protected by lights and cameras. Public Records Act documents indicate the police and wall cost at least $6.6 million. Police towed cars and sealed off whole city blocks for several days — requiring apartment dwellers within the cordon to prove they lived there. If you walk around and see the wall, it's hard to believe it is in an urban neighborhood with fancy houses and dorms across the street. UC is still in a court case over their right to construct a $400 million dorm on the Park — the California Supreme Court heard oral arguments April 3.

What's up with UC's fortress-like over-reaction? For UC, the wall and the proposed dorm aren't really about supplying student housing. The Park is far from the only UC-owned land on which to build a dorm. The wall is a result of UC's 55 year-old grudge against the Park and its supporters, who have repeatedly made fools of successive generations of UC bureaucrats. UC built the wall for the same reasons UC was willing to shoot live ammunition and bring out the National Guard in 1969 – they want to *prove* that a people's movement *cannot take and hold land*. For years leading up to the wall, UC did everything it could to sabotage and isolate the Park by frustrating improvements — and then UC claimed the Park needed to be destroyed because it was neglected.

While the wall looks insurmountable, it's foolhardy to under-estimate the Park. The Park didn't survive for 55 years by being reasonable or defeatist — rather the Park has always counted on magic and long-odds.

For Berkeley Park activists, the Park isn't just a struggle over 2+ acres while we're facing war, climate change, extreme wealth inequality, racism, patriarchy, homophobia and rising authoritarianism. The Park is about ideas — that community is more important than commerce, that life is about more than stuff, that we don't all have to conform to outdated, empty, soul-less norms.

UC wants a world organized around money such that a few powerful people and the institutions they dominate control the lives of everyone else. They use police and walls to keep us living in toxic, unsustainable, boring boxes. We demand a world that values freedom, beauty, love, decentralized non-hierarchical community, do-it-your-self moxie — not just obedience and greed.

When we took the Park in 1969 and *held* it all these years, it proved there are alternatives to this rotten system outside their non-profits, shitty jobs and endless condos. UC thinks all their police and their tall steel shipping containers make them strong, but it really just shows how weak and scared they are. They're afraid of their own students, so they planned the raid at 3 am during winter break. They're afraid Berkeley activists would tear down a regular fence, so they built a delusional military-level fortification.

UC and the corporations and power structures it represents should be afraid. Eventually — who knows when? — regular people are going to come together and tear down their power structures that have brought so much death, destruction, inequality and environmental destruction around the world. Another world is possible.

THE KNOTTED ROPE

By Lola

It always starts the same, brown eyes looking into blue eyes, cat eyes looking into black eyes... a feeling communicated or miscommunicated, in a crowded room that smells like cigarette smoke. It will become messy; it will become everything. But first, a look. It begins with a look.

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Two summers ago, August, 2:22 pm: I was lying on the hot pavement of my parent's driveway, doodling on a page that had fallen out of my notebook. "Everything is made out of two's," I wrote. Two bodies drinking beer on the beach, I was thinking. Or saying goodbye to one another in the church parking lot. My mind was on someone in particular, that day, but I still felt that our whole community was made out of these little interactions, these exchanges both sacred and mundane, between the one and the other. Even in our most united moments – dancing at the boys' show, squeezed in next to one another in Paloma's van, crowding around an ocean beach bonfire – it was always someone's shoulder I was pressed against. Always one pair of hands twirling me in circles.

It's February now, years later, and I don't have that boy anymore. He kissed me on the nose and got into his car, pulled out of the parking lot, and that was it. I came home and wrote poems and cried on the driveway, and that torn out notebook paper, with the scribbled *fuck you's* and the line about two's, found its way into the converse box full of letters that sits on top of my dresser.

Really, there's a lot of boys I don't have anymore. Friends and lovers. I'm trying hard not to look at it this way, but sometimes it's all I can see. The fact that a ripped piece of paper with a half-finished thought has outlasted them.

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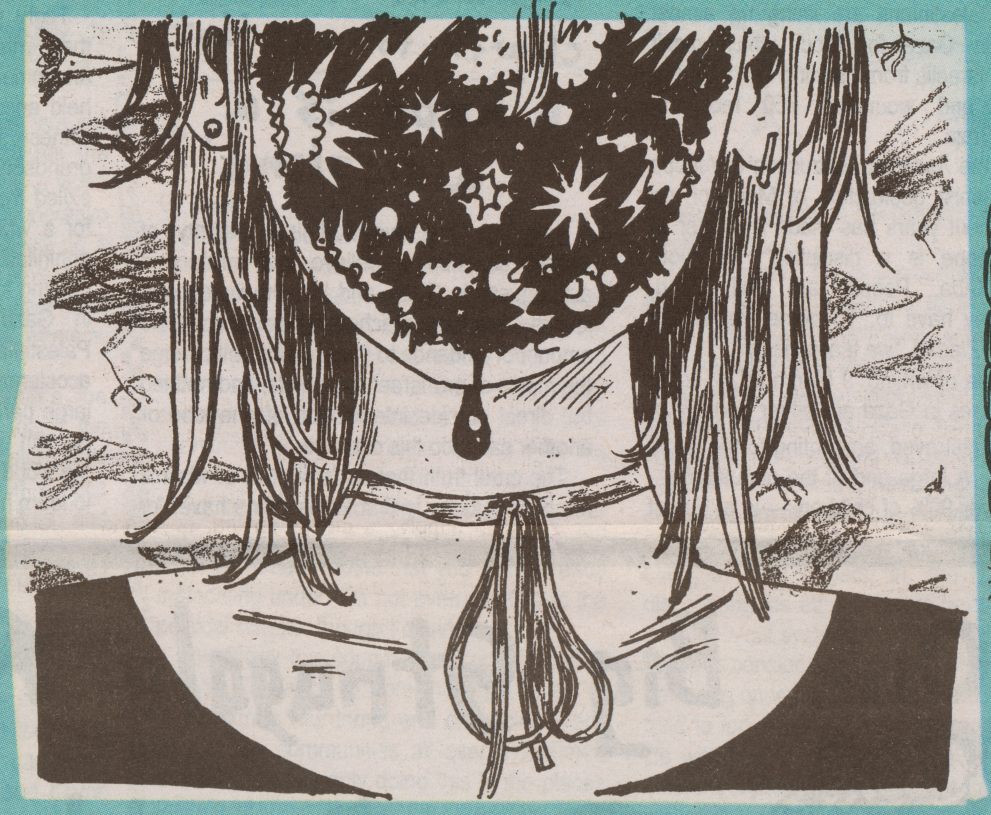
My mom grew up in SF in the 80's. Her mother, my grandma, was a busy single parent: broke, working full time, friends with everyone in the city, and casually dating a handful of men who were all desperately in love with her. My mom had a lot of unwanted independence from a young age, and with that independence, she found some of her chosen family in the angsty and wild teenage boys that populated the punk/skater scene. It was rough back then, much rougher than it is today, but I know my mom found gentleness and love in many of these relationships. Today, I call those boys my uncles. I think about my mom often, as I sit cross-legged at the skatepark with a book. Or stand on the perimeter of the mosh pit holding someone's jacket. I think about the way these histories repeat themselves — the best parts, the worst parts. Maybe we are headed toward a future that abandons gender completely, but the reality is that right now, in my life at least, gender seems almost as prevalent as it was when my mom was a teenager. And just as when my mom was a teenager, unhealthy masculinity still seems to dominate so many of our creative, social, intellectual spaces...

But I don't want to write about that anymore. I have always been surrounded by men, my whole life. Playing guitar in my living room. Telling loud stories at the dinner table. Finishing my burritos for me when I'm too full. My uncles, my sisters' boyfriends, my closest friends – my mom's chosen family coalescing into mine, crystallizing in the form of generations of skater boys, musicians, alcoholics.

They take up a lot of space. I love them fiercely. But recently, I've been wondering. Or maybe I've always been wondering. If I love them so much, why do I always feel like screaming? Why is it always a battle? Why is it always me, drunk at the bar, sitting on the pool table, telling them there are more important things in the world than their fucking activities, and them laughing, or putting their head in their hands, or looking the other way – *lola's being crazy again*. Why is it always like that?

These past few months, I've been brought pretty close to the point of giving up. A few different things happened with my closest guy friends that really made me consider if my love for them was a complete waste. Other women in my community felt equally disillusioned, abandoned by these masculine forces in the midst of crisis, in the moments we most needed them. The common thread throughout their transgressions, which manifested as



everything from angry outbursts to radio silence, drunken carelessness to professions of "keeping the peace," was a simple, strong impulse to avoid conflict. The fissures they created, the pain they caused – all in the name of this negation, this desire to sidestep a bedrock of the human experience. To put it another way – all in the name of nothingness.

My sisters and I were talking about that the other night. Maddy drew comparisons to members of male-dominated spiritual lineages, such as buddhist monks, or catholic priests. Within these traditions, enlightenment can only be reached through detachment from the drama of the world: the censure of pain, and pleasure, and passion and hunger and grief and desire... Snuff out that little flame inside of you, or else it will burn the world down. Get rid of the heat and intensity and the burning love and rage, and you will be left with a clear blue void. That is what you really are. A small, infinite pulse in a sea of nothingness.

if you are free, really genuinely free, through and through, so free that no one can ever challenge it or take it away from you — if you're free, I promise you that they will be terrified.

It's true, Maddy said, we are the void. But the void isn't nothing. It's everything. That's the kind of spirituality she practices: stoking the flame rather than extinguishing it. Understanding that underneath all of this, there's something real, something invisible to the senses, but that doesn't mean that everything else — the things you see and taste and hold — aren't real, too.

Which brings me to last Wednesday, sitting on a park bench with one of these boys, trying to work it out. I was explaining the irony of the fact that although both of us were considered by many of our friends to be fairly aggressive, fiery, and prone to out-of-pocket and drunken behavior, my outbursts were always met with much more resistance, and discomfort, and disapproval than his. 'I think we both share a love for chaos,' he said. 'But my love is born out of skating and punk music and feeling like nothing really matters, cause we're gonna die in about 40 years anyways. Meanwhile your love for chaos comes from – ?' From the opposite of that, I thought. From my heart bleeding and from being in love and from caring about life so much that I might die from the weight of it.

The funny thing, to me, is that it boils down to the same antics – playing music, and kissing, and starting fires, and getting into fights. There's nothing these boys need to worry about, no reason for them to fear conflict, to fear a knotted rope. Just pull at the edges. Let it release. Let it knot again. The pure blue nothingness of the void is prone to frequent tangles; just as it's prone to messy break-ups, fresh starts, and magnolia trees in the rain. Fingers on the piano and burning cheeks. Snow falling. Ideas surfacing. Breath coming in, and going out, and footsteps in sync, walking, then running, then standing still.

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If our community is made out of two's, out of these little moments where consciousness winks back at itself, I need to be able to trust men. I need to be able to trust everyone. To view them as my balancing halves, my muses, my comrades, my partners in crime. But the reality is, you won't always be able to place your trust in avoidant men. You will give them your years and your generosity and your laughter and your poems and sometimes, when it's comfortable for them, or when they want to have sex with you, they will give it all back, and more. And then a lot of times they won't. They will become afraid because your emotions were too real, too honest. If you are in love with them, they will be afraid, and if you are in love with someone else, they will be afraid, and if you are free, really genuinely free, through and through, so free that no one can ever challenge it or take it away from you — if you're free, I promise you that they will be terrified. I wish it wasn't true. But I've seen it too many times. And fear can release all of the worst things in the human heart.

The damage that men are capable of causing when they are afraid can, obviously, have very real consequences. It reminds me of Carmen Machado's short story "The Husband Stitch," which follows a young woman from the day she meets her husband to the day she dies. She loves her husband, loves being intimate with him, sharing her life with him, raising a son with him, growing old with him. She speaks of him with only admiration and respect. But throughout the story, she will sometimes mention the green ribbon tied around her neck. This is the one barrier between the woman and her husband: he must not ask about the ribbon, not touch the ribbon, and must never try to untie it. Sometimes he becomes frustrated and tells her a wife shouldn't have secrets. "It's not a secret," she says. "It just isn't yours." Whenever the ribbon is mentioned between them, he will become aggressive, or confused, or sad, and she will fill up with rage. Eventually she grows tired of resisting him, and lets him untie the ribbon. I think you remember how this story ends.

The toxic-ly masculine practice of turning away from emotion, from passion, and from conflict will continue to contaminate our communities. I don't know what to say about that, I just know that it will. It doesn't feel good to write that down. It's not that I've given up – I am sure I will continue to debate these boys, to painstakingly explain things to them, to cry with them, to kiss them, to interrupt their pool games and rant at them, to believe they really got it this time, to get disappointed all over again... they're my family, maybe not yours, and I'll have to do what I can do. I have to keep holding them to a 'higher standard' — or maybe just a darker and wilder standard, a more honest one — as I hope they do for me, too. And yet, with all that said, I know that some kind of a shift is necessary. Not for them. That's out of my hands. But for me, for us.

Maybe some of the shift lies in the radical, non-dual interpretation of feminine spirituality I've talked about here, the precept that says we are not just the rope, not just the knot, but the knotted rope, perpetually capable of sliding free.

We are the storm and we are the still water. As Maddy would say – the whole ocean.

It leaves space for everything. For life to be fucked, and for life to also be okay. For these truths to exist in harmony. For chaos and for peace. Love and rage. It leaves space for men to mess up, because they will, and for you to get hurt, because you will, and for you to keep loving, because you will. I don't know what kind of a weird misogynist F. Scott Fitzgerald was, but he once said that true genius is the ability to hold two contradictions at once without losing your mind. And I agree with that. Because I look around, and I think my community is made out of two's, out my burning love for everyone else, and maybe in some ways, it is. But sometimes, when the boys are playing 'idiot wind' in the living room while I'm sitting on the coffee table drinking a glass of wine, I'll catch a glimpse of myself in the black-glass reflection of the bay windows and notice that there's a green ribbon tied around my neck. When did that get there? But it doesn't make me angry, just then. Actually, it almost makes me smile. I tuck my hair behind my ear and my eyes sparkle a little in the reflection. No one else sees. Some things belong to you alone.

So maybe it's this: I won't say that you can't trust men, and I also won't say that you should try to. I'll just say that you probably will. There's a lot of things you probably will do. And that's what counts. The trust, the rage, and the devotion you are capable of holding, still, after all of this time.

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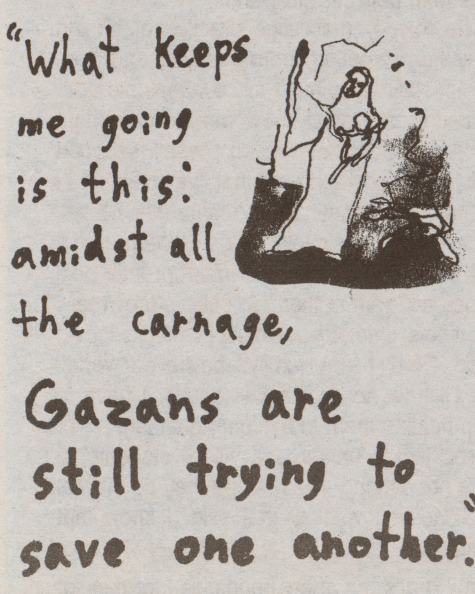
If it begins with brown eyes looking into blue eyes, then I think this, here, is what it usually ends with. The blinking cursor after you type the last sentence. The piece of paper in the converse box on top of the dresser. If it begins with twos, then it ends with what you made out of the love that was always yours, yours, yours.

We Teach Life!

By Elia J. Ayoub
thefirethesetimes.com / iwritestuff.blog
CW: extreme violence of all kind, genocide

Every day, it seems, someone I know has been murdered. And if not them, a relative or friend or neighbors of theirs. To name but one: Refaat Alareer, a gentle soul and lover of literature, was murdered alongside his brother, nephew sister and three nieces by the Israeli state which "surgically bombed out of the entire building." The Israelis told him where to go, and then bombed the entire building just to take out one academic who said bad things about them on social media. The moral depravity of it all. I can't keep up. By various degrees of separations, I'm surrounded by so many deaths, and yet I'm one of the lucky ones — I'm in Switzerland, and the worst I have to deal with is racism and censorship and grief.

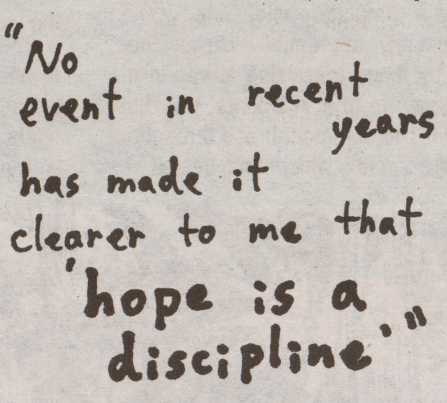


The Israelis have done everything in their power to prevent information from coming out, murdering at least 103 journalists according to Reporters Without Borders — an extraordinary crime against humanity in itself. But Gazans have continued to live-stream and document as much as they can, in the hope that this moves the world to do something, anything, to stop Israel from 'finishing' this genocide as so many in Netanyahu's administration clearly wish to do — or as Trump put it, 'finishing the problem,' the Palestinian question.

What keeps me going is this: amidst of all this carnage Gazans are still trying to save one another from the might of one of the world's most powerful armies. A nurse was forced to choose which premature baby was most likely to survive the lack of oxygen, leaving the others behind after being told by the Israelis that they would be safe; they were not, and a journalist discovered the rotting corpses two weeks later. A child died after his parents tried to mix animal feed with water to make 'bread' to avoid starvation, a desperate measure countless families have since had to resort to. Palestinians are lining up almost anywhere in Gaza for food, which didn't prevent the Israelis from opening fire, killing at least 112 and wounding 750 more in southwest Gaza.

Besides the Assadist destruction of Aleppo and the Putinist destruction of Mariupol, no event in recent years has made it clearer to me that "hope is a discipline", to quote Mariame Kaba. People are still trying, because they have to. To quote Palestinian poet Rafeef Ziadah, "we teach life, sir!"

At the time of writing, 9 March 2024, some 60% of houses in Gaza are either partially or completely destroyed, amounting to the crime of domicide. A large part of the population — including over 90% of children — is at risk of mass starvation, the direct result of Israel's policy of starvation as a weapon of war, which is a crime against humanity. Some 17,000 children have already been left orphaned, and are referred to by the acronym WCNSF – wounded child, no surviving family. The World Health Organization recommends a minimum of 15 litres of water per person per day for everyday use including drinking, with 7 litres being the absolute minimum. In Gaza, the number is around 3 litres, and that water is contaminated as a result of Israel blocking all access to water to the besieged strip. Diseases such as diarrhea and hepatitis are threatening to add tens of thousands of deaths while — just to add insult to injury — Israeli soldiers mock Palestinians' suffering with open-air barbecues in destroyed Gazan neighborhoods.



And yet, the overwhelming majority of Israelis continue to believe their military is acting justly in Gaza, and that the violence is justified. We have reached the stage where no amount of evidence to the contrary will change the minds of pro-Israel apologists, and nothing but direct outside intervention of one kind or another can stop this carnage.

The cruel truth that underpins all of what is happening today is that Palestinians have, for years, tried to warn about Israel's downward path towards mass-violence. The normalization of an occupation, a blockade, an apartheid system and an ethno-supremacist ideology could only be made possible if the Israelis became 'moral monsters' themselves, to use James Baldwin's description of pro-segregation White Americans. Indeed, the genocide in Gaza is the end-result of decades of preventable policies by the Israeli state with the full-backing and complicity of Western countries, Arab states and numerous others. In fact, even as the Israeli state continued to colonize Palestinian lands decade after decade, the only real action taken by so-called democracies was to criminalize or censor the Boycott, Divest and Sanction (BDS) movement, one of the few non-violent avenues left to Palestinians in their quest for justice.

Today, we find ourselves in cruelly absurd situations where the USA, Israel's primary backer, is both apparently frustrated with how the Israelis are 'handling' the war while also sending billions worth of weaponry and financial aid to make the genocide possible in the first place and preventing any diplomatic response at the UN level. The US is more comfortable setting up a 'port' off the Gazan shore to deliver some aid than telling its supposed ally to simply allow aid to come in from the existing land crossings.

Right now, I am incapable of doing more than write and take part in protests calling for an immediate ceasefire and for Israel to be held accountable. This is my way of bearing witness, I suppose. I do that because I'm the grandson of a Palestinian refugee who was exiled from his land, but also because I fear for a world that finds it easy to witness the annihilation of a people in slow motion and do nothing to stop it. Failing to stop the genocide in Gaza will not just hurt Gazans and Palestinians more broadly. It will greatly accelerate the ongoing authoritarian turn in large parts of the world, from India to the US. As with any situation, oppressors from around the world learn from one another. It is up to us to learn how to resist them, together.

One Big Struggle - One Big Union

The Industrial Workers of the World (IWW) has a long, impressive record of fighting the ruling class and its many forms of oppression by the use of non-violent direct action and militant union tactics. In upstate NY, the James Connolly Branch continues the work of our predecessors in organizing workers across all industries while also bringing organizing tools to our other struggles. Our focus as a union is on rank-and-file organizing on class lines committed in the many struggles of our members of our class.

Our namesake, James Connolly, understood that the struggles of working people were connected to the struggles of all oppressed people and used this knowledge in Ireland and New York to fight for an end to tyranny in the workplace as well as fighting landlords and the British Empire.

Our branch has grown in recent years leading to the formation of nearby branches and campaigns to train workers to organize their workplaces. But we are also supporting efforts for tenants to organize and fight against evictions. Our Incarcerated Workers Organizing Committee (IWOC) is communicating with incarcerated people to help them organize to protect their rights in prison.

Our branch continues to support the movements for Palestinian liberation, Black Liberation, and Queer Liberation. We are a regular presence at community events supporting adjacent causes.

Why would a labor union take an active stance on these intersectional issues? Why not just stick to organizing workplaces?

Unlike unions commonly thought of in the mainstream, the IWW has a long history of understanding the interconnection of all struggles faced by working, poor, and otherwise marginalized people.

Some of the larger mainstream unions have begun taking a stand on other issues, throwing support behind intersectional causes. Yet the IWW actively works on a grassroots level to support those facing oppression locally and globally, because their struggles are also our struggles. We recognize that oppressions stem from the interconnections of patriarchy, white supremacy, and capitalism. Organizing against one of these oppressive systems involves organizing to fight all of them.

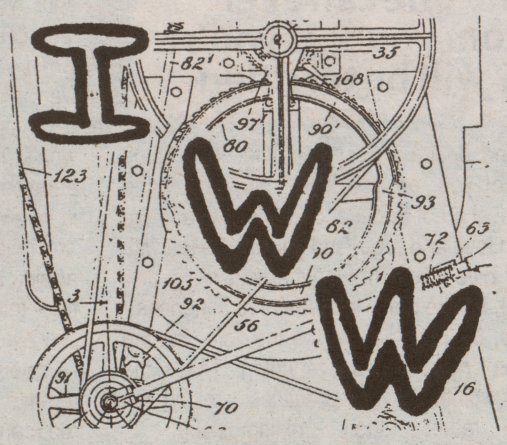
The IWW may be on the ground at various events, but there are some activities you won't find us backing, such as electoral campaigns. Our individual members may pursue campaigning, voting, or other involvement in electoral politics, but unlike most other unions, we do not throw our support behind candidates or endorse a political party as a union. We put our focus on changing the material conditions for poor, working, and other marginalized people through direct action, mutual aid, and organizing, instead of playing the political game and worrying about the optics of supporting one politician or another.

The hours and money that some organizations devote to propping up politicians, only to act surprised when said politicians trample on the rights of workers and other oppressed people, are spent by our union investing in educating, agitating, and organizing the public.

We do not discourage individual members from supporting various politicians if they choose, but we believe in using our collective strengths and resources to benefit the people directly. We pool our resources to help striking workers, to send members to larger actions and help our members show up to support these interconnected struggles of all people.

Focusing on rank-and-file workers and supporting the liberation of all oppressed people requires involvement from people from all walks of life. No one individual can do it all, no matter how passionate about organizing. We continue to grow and benefit from the experiences and perspectives of new members. Our members are our strength, not politicians, not corporate donors.

The more individuals we train, support, and organize, the more individuals can go back to their workplace, home, school, and community and share their skills to organize on every front.



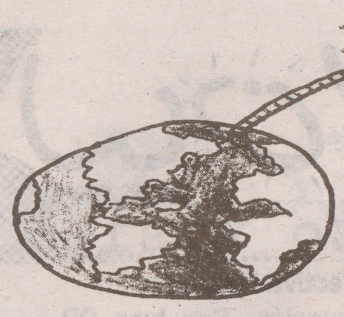
If you're tired of dealing with a soul-draining job, and you realize that putting resumes in at another soul-draining job is not going to make things better, it's time you join the One Big Union. If you are paying more than half of your income to your landlord who hasn't made repairs, if you're tired of feeling powerless in the midst of abusive bosses and managers,

We regularly host Organizer Trainings to teach every working person how to start organizing their workplace. If you don't have a union already, we can help you organize one.

If you are already in a union, you can still join us as a "dual carder." Dual carders are an integral part of IWW history. These are members who also belong to one of the mainstream, or what we refer to as "business unions." The business union's basic philosophy is formed on the premise that the boss and the worker have something in common. But we have always known this is false. The class-conscious worker recognizes the inherent injustice of Capitalism's exploitative hierarchies. Business unions have a history of compromising with the bosses at the expense of the working class, while the IWW seeks complete worker liberation from oppressive systems. Dual-carders often serve as a force to transform undemocratic workplaces — and the unions whose members have agreements with those employers — to recognize that the status quo is not permanent and the One Big Union is possible!

Are you in New York State or Western Mass? Contact us at:
upstatenyiww.wpcomstaging.com pr PO Box 77 Altamont NY 12009

Want to get involved but not a resident of the above-mentioned areas? Contact IWW General Headquarters (GHQ) at ghq@iww.org, or by calling (773) 728-0996. We have over 70 branches across North America, Europe, Australasia, & Cyprus among other regions.



DEFUSING THE POPULATION BOMB

The climate movement needs to stop telling this racist myth

"As if we are only mouths to feed"
—Arcade Fire, Intervention

By H-Cat

The largest contributor to climate change is the burning of fossil fuels. Beyond contributing to warming the planet through the greenhouse effect, the burning of fossil fuels contributes to a plethora of other problems for environment and human health, including acidifying the ocean, which is an immediate threat to nearly all marine life, and the release of PM2.5 particulate matter estimated to be responsible for over three million deaths a year due to health conditions related to breathing in air pollution.

Fossil fuels include petroleum (crude oil), gasoline, coal, natural gas, oil shales, tar sands, bitumen, and heavy crude oils. Thanks to the large scale burning of fossil fuels beginning in the mid-1700s, humans are estimated to have released an over 1.5 trillion tons of CO2 into the planet's atmosphere, increasing the amount of this heat-trapping agent in the sky to twice what it was prior to the Industrial Revolution, with the "safe" level of 350 ppm having been exceeded in 1988.

Flowers are blooming in Antarctica and a sixth mass extinction is underway, with roughly 1% of species on Earth having been declared extinct and nearly half in decline, while oceans and mass displacement continue to rise. In 2022 alone, over 35 million people were displaced due to extreme weather events, and it is estimated that over one billion people will be displaced by 2050 if things continue as they are.

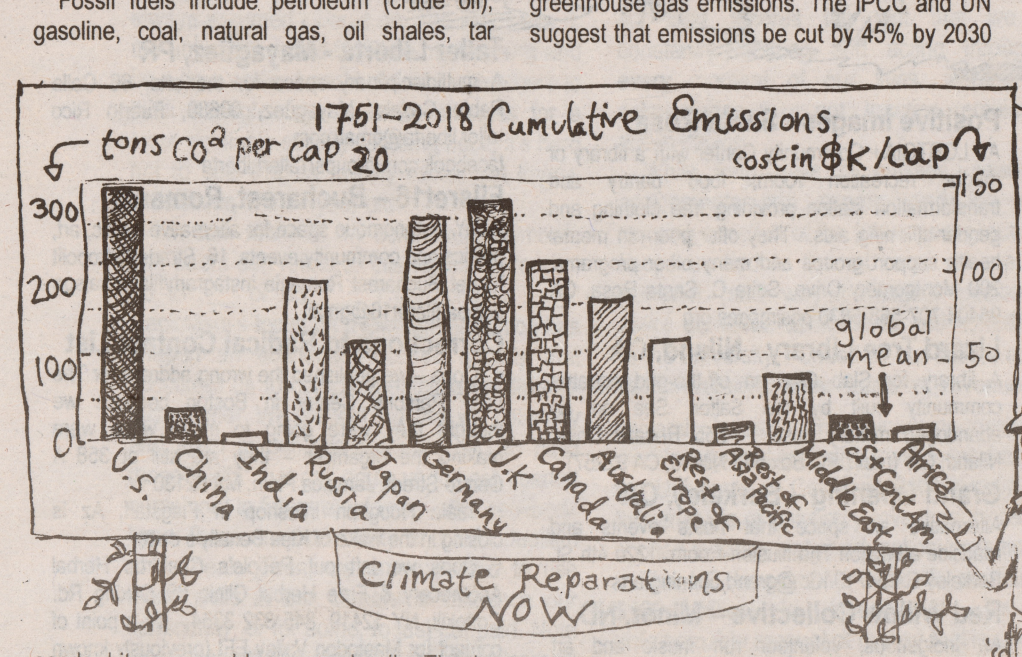
We are losing the stability of our climate and the habitability of our oceans while humanitarian crises escalate, and the burning of fossil fuels is largely to blame.

Ending the burning of fossil fuels requires an end to fossil fuel investments and subsidies. Fossil fuel subsidies are currently being expanded, despite calls for them to be phased out, including calls by university students, youth activists, and Indigenous groups. In 2023, the Secretary-General of the UN called for an end to fossil fuel investment and subsidies, as well as immediate global action toward net-zero emissions, which "must start with the polluted heart of the climate crisis: the fossil fuel industry." Despite these calls, virtually all major banks and many credit unions continue to invest in expanding fossil fuel extraction — despite evidence that divestment from fossil fuels does *not* show financial risk to investors. If you have a pension or retirement fund, that money is likely being invested in expanding fossil fuel extraction, for seemingly no reason.

Steering towards a less catastrophic climate outcome will require the world to cut greenhouse gas emissions. The IPCC and UN suggest that emissions be cut by 45% by 2030 and net zero be achieved by 2050. Yet, due to current investments and subsidies in fossil fuel expansion, global emissions rates are set to increase almost 14% by the end of the 202\ according to a UN Press release in 2022. Since the time of that press release, fossil fuel subsidies and investments have only increased. In 2023, over $7 trillion in annual subsidies were directed towards expanding fossil fuel infrastructure and extraction, a roughly $2 trillion increase from the year before. In this regard, we can assume that the 14% estimated emissions increase is already outdated, as expanded fossil fuel finance is directly linked to expanding the burning of fossil fuels.

While discussions about mitigating the climate crisis should be focused on ending fossil fuel extraction — and on ending the subsidies and investments that accelerate fossil fuel extraction — some rather odd "red herrings" have made their way into conversations about climate solutions, including the idea that the number of people on the planet is too high, and that the number of people on the planet is somehow inexorably linked to the amount of emissions.

The concept of "overpopulation" is a myth that serves to distract attention away from the direct causes of fossil fuel burning (e.g. the continued financial backing of fossil fuel expansion), while also being leveraged to accelerate other forms of harm. The mid-century revival of the idea of "overpopulation" occurred thanks to efforts funded by those with fossil fuel interests, as historian Emily Klancher Merchant has shown in her exhaustive history of the topic. In the mid-1950s, fossil fuel companies began funding efforts aimed to manufacture public anxiety around the number of people on the planet rather than around the direct sources of environmental degradation and pollution, As part of this strategy, they also platformed white supremacists who openly acknowledged their intention to reduce the number of people of color on the planet, both through forced sterilization and by strategically withholding food.



The fossil-fuel-funded myth of "overpopulation" was lobbed into greater public consciousness with the publication of the book *The Population Bomb* in 1968 by Paul and Anne Ehrlich, which leveraged post-Atomic era hype to drum up public fears that the Earth had too many people.

The myth of overpopulation is not only incorrect, but it also leads to infighting and fractures within the environmental movement that forestall regulation , while also promoting an ideology that underpins eugenics, genocide, and threats to reproductive rights—a reality that has been explored in the writings of Dr. Jade Sasser. Solving the climate crisis will require an intersectional approach. The lingering presence of the "overpopulation" myth in climate data, models, and educational tools serve to reinforce white supremacy and patriarchy, and it serves to drive those who are disproportionately impacted by these things from the discussion table, making spaces of climate-related decision-making less diverse, equitable, and inclusive, while also derailing efforts to draw attention to the direct, immediate causes of fossil fuel emissions.

In an effort to draw attention to the types of harmful myths that have emerged in response to the continued presence of the "overpopulation" myth in environmental discourse, six scholars affiliated with the Association for the Study of Literature and Environment (ASLE) came together to create the zine *Against the Ecofascist Creep*. Using comic book-style art and situated within the diegesis of the Marvel Cinematic Universe (MCU), the zine is offered as an educational tool to debunk myths regarding overpopulation that can sometimes crop up in classroom discussions, myths fueled by the inclusion of problematic "population" metrics that have made it into some climate data sets thanks to fossil-fuel-funded efforts, myths that, unfortunately, have been uncritically reiterated in Marvel films and comics.

Many climate models likewise fail to account for the role of fossil fuel investments in accelerating emissions. When data fails to account for the continued investment into and subsidization of these companies and instead focuses blame on sheer numbers of people on the planet, these data become complicit in spreading harmful misinformation that undermines efforts to reign in the direct industrial causes of climate change. The conversation needs to shift away from policing the number of people on the planet, and rather towards ending the investment and subsidies that fund fossil fuel expansion.

•

Want to help make a climate scenarios data set that doesn't have a broken population metric in it? Go to: github.com/harlinhayley/ClimateDataJam

RIGHT NOW.

Continued from Page 1

when I can; I write to awful Zionist politicians who I highly doubt will care about my postcards and emails (but I do it nonetheless).

We shouldn't have to kill ourselves to make change (and I truly believe we are all more valuable to the world alive than dead), but Aaron's example shows that sometimes, extreme situations call for extreme responses. And that extreme responses can catalyze discussion and action more than the socially-acceptable forms of "politics" we are encouraged to prioritize.

Why aren't more people responding outside of those forms? Why am *I* not doing more radical acts of direct action, of sabotage, of afflicting those who are inflicting harm, of laying my body on the line? Like many, I have my excuses. We should not act from guilt, but neither should we expect change to come without being uncomfortable, or inconvenienced, or put at risk.

Ultimately, my own barriers to action seem mostly a matter of disconnection: I don't want to act alone, and need to find my people and get organized.

I have begun to organize with a Palestine Liberation Collective at my workplace (which is a start, but I don't think we'll be occupying our boss's office just yet). What I (and i think many people) really need is a like-minded group of people who want to do more. Mutual encouragement, a feeling of belonging, a dismantling – act by act – of our own alienation.

It's time (as if it ever stopped being time) to form affinity groups and get creative, and get confrontational. Confront war profiteers at their fancy dinners. Confront our locally elected assholes like State Senator Scott Wiener and Berkeley Mayor Jesse Arreguín at their fundraising events. Confront military recruitment centers, Elbit Systems weapons producers, and the tech companies actively censoring pro-Palestine content on social media and elsewhere.

People are rightfully livid about this ongoing genocide, and I think they (we!) are ready for more intense and extreme ways to fight back.

The radical right knows how to radicalize their base – why doesn't the radical left?? But let's radicalize with values of care, dignity and solidarity, and with a vision of a world without wars, prisons, politicians and settler colonies. Let's remind people – as Aaron Bushnell has with one selfless act – that when another world exists in our hearts, the world outside us cannot stay as it is forever.

We simply need to keep our hearts whole, keep our vision clear, keep our friends and communities close, and act fiercely and autonomously. You never know what may come of it.

With deep mourning for the 30,000 Palestinian martyrs (and counting), R.I.P. Aaron, and all others who refuse to accept this awful world as it is.

Bask in the Glow

radical spaces to visit

Compiled by Jesse D. Palmer

As fragile, small, individual humans facing overwhelming threats like climate change, mega-corporations and repressive political movements, organic connection with others based on *love* and mutual aid is all we have. It also happens to be a superpower our opponents lack that they can't squash, co-opt or steal. AI-armed computers and capitalism can't *understand* or operate with love — a glue that binds people together not out of transactional selfishness but which rather comes from an irrational yet evolutionary essential place as old and universal as life itself. Giving ourself to others and the earth is fundamental — because while each of us is unique, we're also all one. Everyone everywhere has the same hopes, weaknesses, pleasures, fears as we do — looking out at the world with the same eyes.

It's up to us to create community, nurture it, seek it out, plug in, and then give what we can to keep it alive — and bask in the glow that gives back more than you put in. Which is why people all over are putting their lives into creating underground spaces that are alternatives to a world dominated by bleak conformity, mediocrity and boredom — chain stores, office parks, cement, iphones, consumerism — fuck that shit. May we spend our days around freaky, friendly people in cozy homemade artists warehouses, all-ages venues, radical bookstores, maker spaces and community centers.

Here's some radical spaces *Slingshot* has heard about since the 2024 organizer was printed in June, 2023. Email us with your corrections and additions. Updates are at slingshotcollective.org/contacts.

Under the Umbrella - Salt Lake City UT

A queer bookstore providing "a safe space for queer folks of all ages to congregate and celebrate their stories." They feature many types of books. "Every book in our store is either queer in content and/or written by queer authors." 511 W 200 S Suite 120 Salt Lake City, UT 84101 801-922-0923 undertheumbrellabookstore.com

Grey Coast Guild Hall - Quilcene, WA

A volunteer collectively run event space in rural Washington that hosts drag shows, a local film fest, speakers, punk shows and other events. 11 Church Hall Road Quilcene, WA 98376 graycoastguildhall@gmail.com, graycoastguildhall.com

Love Reforms Cooperative - Harrisburg, PA

A non-profit cooperative that promotes gardening and the arts. 2358 Berryhill Street Harrisburg, PA 17104 lovereforms.org

Milwaukee Outdoor Indoor Exchange – Milwaukee, WI

An outdoor repair / recycling store that hosts events and shows. 3044 S. Delaware Ave. Milwaukee, WI 53207 414-935-2903 mkeoutdoorindoor.com

Eleanor's Norfolk – Norfolk, VA

A radical neighborhood bookstore & bottle shop that also acts as a safe space for community activism, engagement, and learning. They amplify underrepresented voices and invite those seeking to be a more active part of their community by offering space for education & conversation. 806 baldwin Ave. #1 Norfolk, VA 23517 eleanorsnfk.com

Mac's Backs Books on Coventry - Cleveland Heights, OH

An independent bookstore that hosts events about different issues/personal topics. 1820 Coventry Rd. Cleveland Heights, Ohio 44118, 216-321-2665 macsbacks.com

Meinolf Weaving School - San Anselmo, CA

A weaving school that offers shared equipment and materials, and a space for people to make things and be with other people. Home of Marin Zine Club for all kinds of making, mending, skill sharing, and community in addition to zine making and sharing every Sunday from 5 - 8 pm. They aim to host other events and have a small zine library/free media area. 141 Tunstead Ave, San Anselmo, CA 94960. 510-229-7466.

Silver Sprocket - San Francisco CA

Radical indie comics publisher, shop, and gallery with a focus on zines. They share their zine making resources with anyone who comes in. 1018 Valencia, San Francisco 94110 silversprocket.net

Positive Images - Santa Rosa

An LGBTQIA+ Community Center with a library of media, recreation room, food pantry and transformation station providing free clothing and gender-affirming aids. They offer peer-run mental health support groups and many other programs. 200 Montgomery Drive, Suite C, Santa Rosa, CA 95404 707-568-5830 posimages.org

Lizard Tree Library - Niland, CA

A library for Slab City, an off-the-grid squatter community built by the Salton Sea on an abandoned military base. 555 Rosalie Drive, Niland, CA (mail: PO Box 642 Niland, CA 92257)

Grand Opening – Berkeley, CA

Alternative art space that hosts events and roadside attraction The Illusion Room. 1220 4th St. Berkeley CA 94710 IG: @grand.opening.arts

Red Willow Collective – Minot, ND

An Indigenous, volunteer run music and art collective that presents social justice workshops, art shows, zines, skill shares, and all-ages events at various locations in downtown Minot. They don't have a space but are hoping to locate one soon. redwillowcollective@gmail. instagram/bitch_cave

La Colectiva Feminista En Construcción - San Juan, PR

A political organization that hosts workshops and events on social justice. 51 Calle Robles, Río Piedras, San Juan, 00925, Puerto Rico colectivafeministapr@gmail.com instagram.com/colectivafeministapr/

Taller Libertá - Mayagüez, PR

A multidisciplinary space for the arts. 66 Calle Pablo Casals, Mayagüez, 00680, Puerto Rico taller.liberta@gmail.com facebook.com/groups/TallerLiberta

Filaret16 – Bucharest, Romania

A DIY, autonomous space for alternative music, art, politics and community events. 16, Strada Mitropolit Filaret Bucharest Romania instagram/filaret.saispe echipa.filaret16@gmail

Corrections to Radical Contact List

- Oops – we published the wrong address for The Lucy Parsons Center in Boston because we thought they were going to move when were making the organizer – they are still at 358 A Centre Street, Jamaica Plain, MA 02130
- Taala Hooghan Infoshop in Flagstaff, Az is closing in the wake of Klee Benally's death.
- Oops we left out People's Cauldron Herbal Apothecary & Free Herbal Clinic 69 Coxing Rd. Cottekill, NY 12419, 845 332 3354. It's a point of contact for Mastodon Valley EF! (previously known as Hudson valley EF! and The Moon Infoshop (previously in Newburgh NY). Their physical locations are word of mouth only.
- We forgot to include Impetus Records at 13 Delaware Ave, Claymont, DE 19703.

KILL THE BOSS

Continued from Page 1

more capital, then an eating disorder can be a means of value production.

The idea that we should starve / exhaust / mutilate / deny ourselves to create value is both untrue and totally sick; however, it gains credence from the puritanical work ethic, which teaches us we are inherently bad / shameful and have to work to achieve goodness. We are encouraged to transcend our physicality (our innate 'badness'), to out-smart and out-maneuver our own bodies en route to maximum productivity.

We rally and decry abuse when we hear of factory workers who are forced to forgo proper ventilation and bathroom breaks in situations where the denial of physical needs is enforced by a despotic boss. We see how tragically dehumanizing this is. But when the market's invisible hand is internalized as "willpower" that supports the creation of value according to a puritanical work ethic of self-denial, it's not so obvious. I wonder if workaholism and eating disorders are often undiagnosed — even celebrated as heroic — because they create value under capitalism; a system which valorizes and rewards those willing to dominate, regulate, control, and seek to mechanize our bodies.

It would be overly simplistic to say people develop eating disorders because of societal beauty standards. We've all heard enough about how media impacts young people and all that. But it's been meaningful for me to think about my recovery, in part, as a refusal to give in to "the man" by reclaiming and recommitting to my humanity. My eating disorder sapped my energy and made me feel insecure and incompetent. I devoted a lot of time and thought to diet and exercise. I can only imagine this effect multiplied across entire generations of people preoccupied with how we look. Think about all the power that could be re-directed towards emancipatory struggle if everyone surrendered their appetites and weight to nature and considered whatever body sh ape they got as a result to be a good one for existing / loving / playing / dismantling imperialist white supremacist capitalist patriarchy.

★

In 2022, I got into recovery; got off of social media; deleted the step tracker and calorie counter from my phone. I no longer weigh myself and curb my compulsion to check the weather app on my phone when I can easily step out and see how it feels. Hundreds of times each day, as I try and resist the pull of metrics, what I'm really resisting is my fear of being wrong or uncertain. I'm also fighting coercion by capitalistic tech companies to habitually try and "optimize" and "predict" my life's circumstances. I'm letting myself be a human who is sometimes uncomfortable, sometimes uncertain, sometimes wrong.

Recovery is not easy. I had an eating disorder for over a decade, so I've had to re-learn fundamental things like how to eat, walk, and exercise without harming myself; how to sense my feelings and bodily cues and how to honor them. I've also had to surrender control of my body's shape and weight. The process has been scary and totally "nonproductive" in capitalistic terms, but I'm freer for it.

I'll share some suggestions I have for nourishing a new relationship with body / food if this is something you struggle with:

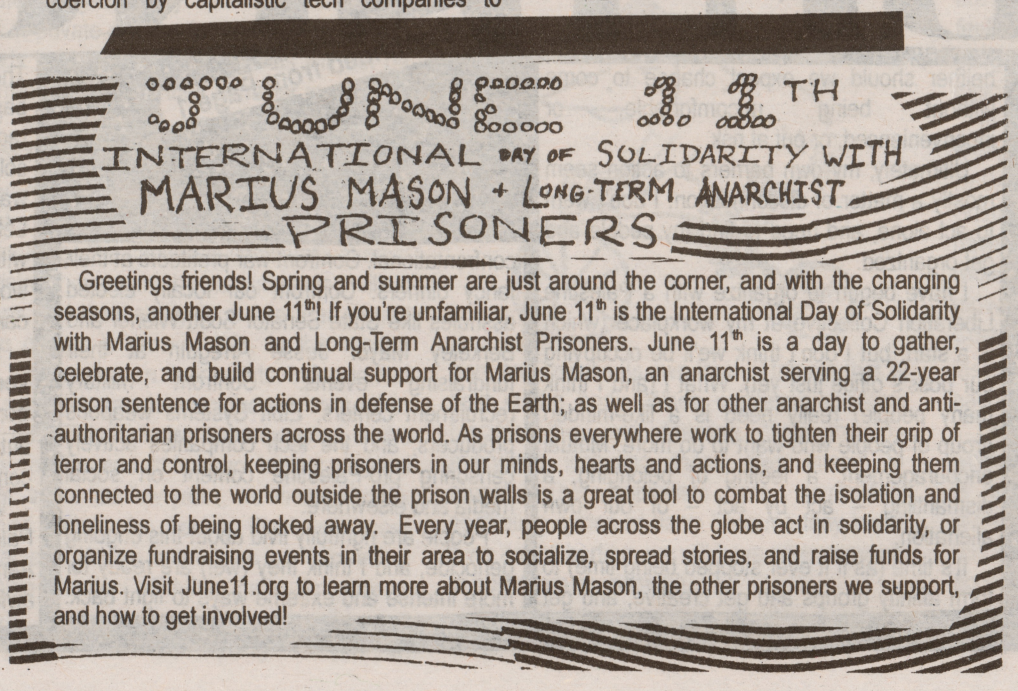
- **Cook with others!** If there's a Food Not Bombs group in your area, try joining and if not, consider starting one. Preparing and eating food in community (especially when it's been donated / freely given by caring neighbors) can be a beautiful way of re-contextualizing food prep and eating experiences.

- **Find others in recovery!** While some addicts are becoming better understood and supported through the harm reduction movement, eating disorders can stiil be a shameful, difficult thing to open up about. People in your life probably won't understand what you're experiencing or how to support you. But there are others who will and who have recovered from whatever sort of eating disorder you're experiencing. Try visiting 4eda.org or neda.org to learn about recovery resources and community.

- **Remember, people don't do what they do because they want to, but because they have to.** We usually develop eating disorders and addictions because we want to feel safe, stable, or insulated from reality. We can't enter recovery a second before we're ready or a second too late. It's been helpful for me to acknowledge that at one time I really did need my eating disorder and addiction, while also being encouraged that at this stage of my life I feel ready to practice other ways of being and don't have to use those behaviors any longer.

★

When we hold space for an abusive boss inside our own psyches, we split into two selves: the self that senses, yearns, and hungers vs. the self that represses, restricts, edits, and seeks to control. For some of us, the latter shows up as that voice telling us we need to be skinny, that we'd be ruined if we gained weight, that we're not really hungry, that we haven't exercised enough this week etc. I'm sending love and power your way. Kill the boss inside your head!



Greetings friends! Spring and summer are just around the corner, and with the changing seasons, another June 11th! If you're unfamiliar, June 11th is the International Day of Solidarity with Marius Mason and Long-Term Anarchist Prisoners. June 11th is a day to gather, celebrate, and build continual support for Marius Mason, an anarchist serving a 22-year prison sentence for actions in defense of the Earth; as well as for other anarchist and anti-authoritarian prisoners across the world. As prisons everywhere work to tighten their grip of terror and control, keeping prisoners in our minds, hearts and actions, and keeping them connected to the world outside the prison walls is a great tool to combat the isolation and loneliness of being locked away. Every year, people across the globe act in solidarity, or organize fundraising events in their area to socialize, spread stories, and raise funds for Marius. Visit June11.org to learn more about Marius Mason, the other prisoners we support, and how to get involved!

Radiation Sickness Blues

By Alice

Over the last few years, I've rolled my eyes as what seemed to be a baseless moral panic about cellphone towers erupted among my more conspiracy-oriented friends. Cell phone towers can't hurt you, right?

But then, last August, I moved into a rooftop apartment in Berkeley. The building next door had a bunch of weird electronics installed on the roof, including two little red-capped antennas peering out over a wall that were eye level with me while I stood at my kitchen sink. These little metal nodes were at such an angle that I could see them out the window while lying in my lofted bed.

In the first days after moving in, I started to have very vivid dreams. Flashbacks. The quality of my sleep began to suffer. Within a few weeks, little cigarette-burn-sized sores started to appear on my body, concentrated around my organs and as well as around the fattier bits, like the underside of my arms but not on top. I've never had sores like that before: they felt like first degree burns, like when you burn yourself while baking. More and more sores began to appear, and they never seemed to heal. As the weeks passed, my short-term memory and concentration started to suffer. I work in education, and minor tasks that I've done for years were suddenly taking more time. I was having to relearn software tools that I already knew.

My grandfather was a physicist and engineer, and when I was a small child, he taught me how to use a gaussmeter (a.k.a. an EMF meter). I have fond memories of walking through the house with him, the meter held out before us, scanning things, getting a sense of all the invisible forces all around us. Normally, when you use a gaussmeter to scan your home, the center of the room should be at or near zero microTeslas (μT), but as you move it closer to power outlets, it should pick up a bit of a charge (perhaps around 4 to 7μT), and that's perfectly normal. In recent years, I've tended to include a gaussmeter as part of my maker stuff, alongside my soldering iron and other tools, and usually, at some point after moving into a new apartment, I'll give the place a good scan, while thinking of my grandfather. It's a soothing ritual to me, much like the way some people like to "smudge" their homes with sage.

In November, while unpacking the last few boxes from the move, I found my gaussmeter and turned it on. To my utter shock, the reading immediately shot up to over 100 μT, which is higher than the international safety standards set by the CNIRP (International Commission on Non-Ionizing Radiation Protection). As I walked around the apartment, I found that there wasn't a single place much lower than 20 μT, and that around my sink and bed, the levels shot up to 120 μT or more.

I immediately called the landlord, thinking that perhaps a wire was loose or something. A guy from the power company came out and the landlord also came out as well, and we were all trying to figure out what was going on. The power guy inspected all the wires, and they were fine. The landlord let me go out on the roof, and we walked around together with the gaussmeter in front of us, moving towards the spot with the highest reading. We quickly realized that the source of the radiation was from those little red-capped antennas poking up over the wall on the neighbor's roof, and my landlord identified them as a type of cellphone tower. I hadn't realized that cell towers emit so much radiation, and that they can be installed literally on top of and next to dwellings.

Contemporary cellphone towers emit a type of radiation called RF EMR (Radiofrequency Electromagnetic Radiation). RF EMR is a form of non-ionizing radiation, meaning it doesn't knock electrons off atoms. We get small doses of this type of radiation from the sun. It becomes a problem, though, when you're getting heavy, consistent doses.

In 2021, a systematic review of over 30 studies found that consistent exposure levels of RF EMR higher than 0.4 μT led to a doubled rate of leukemia [6]. The levels in my apartment were over 250 times higher than that. Other health risks associated with RF EMR exposure include tumors in the heart and cell damage in mammals [1], cognitive issues and memory loss [3], and an ailment identified by World Health Organization as EHS (Electromagnetic field Hypersensitivity Syndrome), which includes diminished tolerance to pain and heat [4].

Many of my symptoms matched the classic symptoms of RF EMR exposure, and as the weeks progressed through winter, they were getting worse and worse. I tried covering the windows and parts of the wall with foil, but the radiation kept coming in through the floors. The burns around my organs were getting worse and worse, constantly oozing a thin layer of yellow puss. My ability to focus and memory were falling apart, and I also began to experience nerve pain all through my body, along with migraines. It was like I was being cooked, slowly, from the inside.

In December, I asked the landlord if there was anything that could be done about the neighbor's cell tower. "My hands are tied," the landlord said and explained that since the cell tower was technically on the neighbor's property, there was nothing he could do. "There's no law to make him move it, and he refuses to do anything unless told by law."

RF EMR is a public health risk, yet, currently, there are no enforceable laws in the U.S. protecting people from it. Many countries have regulations against unsafe levels of RF-EMR in places where people live and work [7]. These regulations were often set in the late 2010s, as more research about associated health risks with RF EMR came to light. At that time, however, the U.S. was in a strange place because of the way Trump gutted the EPA. During his first 18 months in office, Trump fired over 1,500 EPA workers, including 260 scientists and 106 engineers. Because of this, the U.S. has fallen behind other countries in regulating environmental hazards.

Having things in our environment that make us sick infringes upon our freedom and autonomy. Whether it's lead in the soil, microplastics in the water, RF EMR from cell towers, or wildfire smoke from climate change.

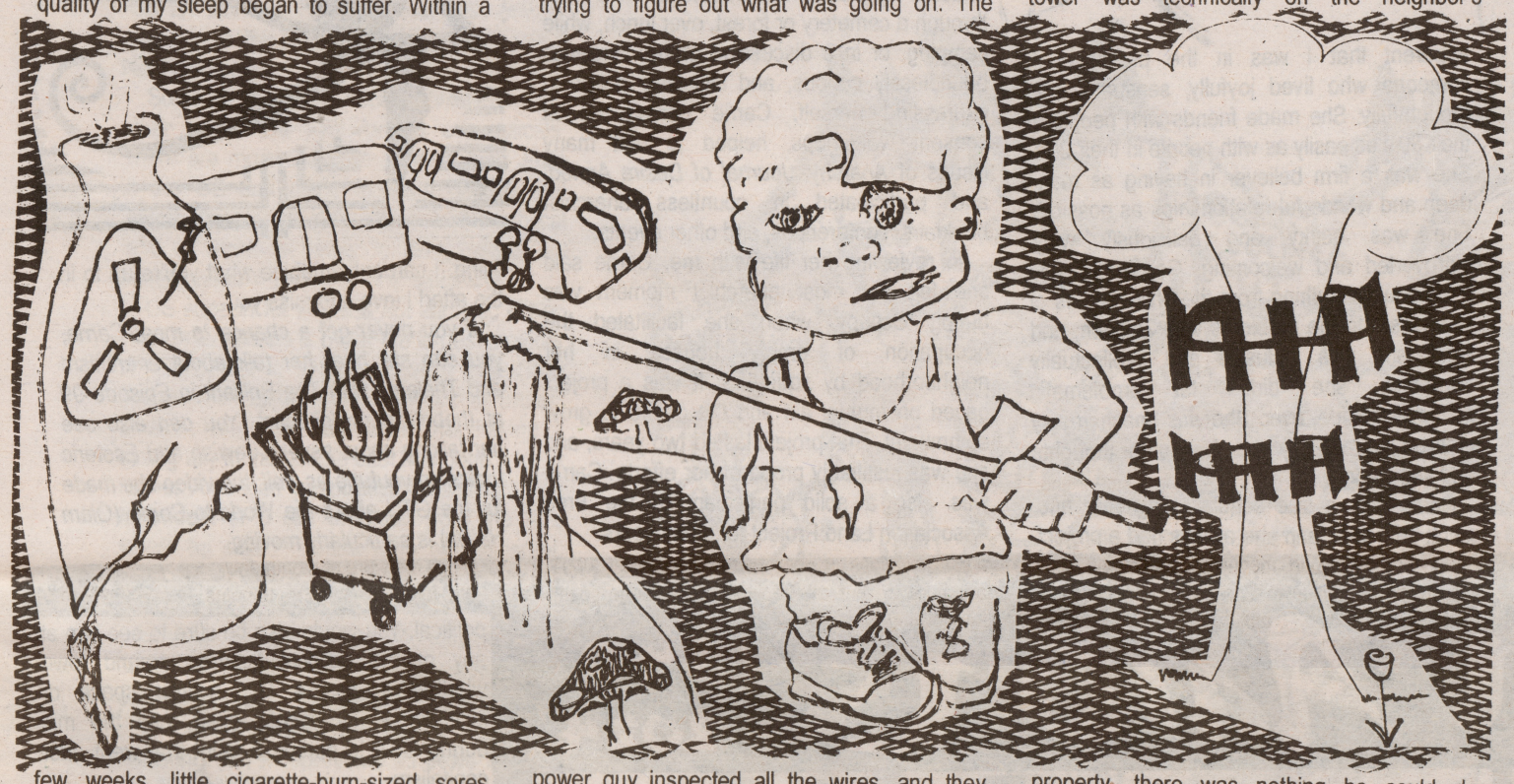
I wish I could trust other humans to not do this kind of stuff (i.e., putting hazardous things around that hurt people), but it's like how in any community organization, there will be a few bad actors who make selfish decisions that hurt everyone else (every anarchist community has had to deal with at least one such person over the years). Some people are just built that way, and it's pointless to try to convince them to change. Without being confronted with some kind of regulations, policy, or social agreement —whatever you want to call it—these people are going to continue to harm the rest of us.

Luckily, I had the resources to move, and got out of that apartment in January. I'm sad to think that the landlord has probably rented that apartment out to someone else by now, and that they are probably going to get sick.

Currently, homes, workplaces, and even elementary schools across the country have cell towers on the roofs, and thousands of people are currently being exposed to this form of radiation.

Within days of getting out of that apartment, the burns have started to heal and scab over, but the headaches and nerve pain remain and my ability to focus isn't what it was before. I am contending with the reality that I may have permanently damaged my body and brain just from those five months of exposure. RF EMR is a silent killer, not just through cancer rates but through the way it impacts memory and cognition, robbing you of the ability to think and remember.

As an anarchist, I imagine that even after we create a federated cooperative commonwealth, there would be some kind of board or union that serves the same role as the EPA in making sure that things meet safety standards. I dream of a consent-based society in which environmental safety is valued as the backbone of autonomy. In the meantime, I hope some kind of regulations about RF EMR are passed soon. [redacted]



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7 questions

By Jesse

One of the great things about the East Bay is how people make DIY art installations, mutual aid stations and other public offerings that defy categorization. One of my favorites is a house near Long Haul that periodically posts 7 thought provoking questions with a paper and pencils for anyone who is walking by to write an answer. They call themselves the Street Words Project but it is just pinned to the side of the house. Here's the current 7:

1. What aspect of life confuses you the most?
2. What is the most difficult part of your day, usually?
3. What's something that hangs you up again and again with another person?
4. Name one thing, big or small, that has changed for the better recently?
5. What if something really great for all of us is about to be invented and surprise us all – what might it be?
6. What person did you the most good this week, and how?
7. How will you connect with another human today?

Carrie Sealine 1957 -2020

By Elle Dee and C.C. Brigade

This obituary of a beloved Oakland anarchist we lost over three years ago was written for an issue of a magazine that did not go to print. Although we are a bit late getting it out into the world, her life was beautiful and her legacy is timeless.

Carrie was a dear friend of mine who passed from cancer on October 26, 2020. She was with her children in her home, where she wanted to be. She was comfortable, she was ready for her next adventure, and she left so many of us enriched by her presence, and humbled by her graceful exit. She was a vibrant 63 years old.

Carrie was first drawn to anarchism in San Francisco in the late 1970's. Specifically, she became intrigued by radical leaning flyers pasted to telephone poles around town. Some of the flyers made fun of things like the Abalone Alliance, while others advertised adult play spaces like Gorilla Grotto. Pursuing these leads she made friends with anarchist authors and event organizers. She read and discussed anarchist theory, and attended anarchist parties and events. Not an activist or a punk, she was her own kind of anarchist — one dedicated to pursuing intimacy, connection, and the liberation of her time to do what pleased her. She came to view cities as playgrounds, and enjoyed counter culture expressed in art and political critique.

I met Carrie in 2005 at an anarchist study group in Berkeley. By then she had moved to Oakland, married, had two children, homeschooled her children, and worked intermittently as a Hebrew teacher, preschool teacher, community organizer, and baker. Her children were growing up, her marriage was becoming polyamorous, and she was actively pursuing anarchism again.

When meeting Carrie it was immediately apparent that I was in the presence of someone who lived joyfully, sensually, and thoughtfully. She made friends with people in their 80's as easily as with people in their 20's. She was a firm believer in having as many deep and wonderful relationships as possible. She was quirky and deliciously witty, extroverted and welcoming. Carrie loved to talk about everything from the philosophies of Anarchism to the problems with Zionism, and while she was inclusive and intellectually generous, she didn't let problematic statements slide, ever. She was unashamedly challenging, and enjoyed sharing her thoughts and knowledge.

Carrie was a true scholar, magician, and occult anarchist, and she always had a project that stimulated her spirit. When she died, Carrie was a 3rd year PhD candidate at the Center for Jewish Studies, Graduate Theological Union, in Berkeley. Her thesis was an argument for reclaiming Thelema, as an occult practice with anarchist, revolutionary potential. This radical ideology, along with many Jewish elements, the use of sex magic, and an active local community, made Thelema a priority for Carrie. She opened her home as a Thelemic Temple, where like minded people were invited to meet weekly for ritual, food, and community. She even traveled to the ruins of Aleister Crowley's Thelemic abbey in Sicily, and brought back a relic for her temple.

But Thelema wasn't all Carrie studied. Her home was filled with books she'd read on anarchism, Kabbalistic mysticism, unorthodox Judaism, cultural and literary criticism, political theory, feminism, and racism. She was intentional about collecting books which might go out of circulation. And she would discuss any of these with friends at her kitchen table, under a fig tree in her backyard, on a walk through a cemetery or forest, over lunch, while camping, or in a discussion group. She was boundlessly curious, and incisively poetic in expressing herself. Carrie participated in consent workshops, helped to edit many issues of *Anarchy: Journal of Desire Armed*, and participated in countless anarchist bookfairs, conferences, and other events.

In reviewing her life with me, Carrie said she felt her most anarchist moment was during Occupy, when she facilitated the occupation of empty houses in her neighborhood by squatters. It was a project based on mutual aid and the desire to grow community. That project lasted two years, and she was justifiably proud of her efforts. Carrie was also a solid participant in the Free Association Land Project for many years.

What must be clear by now is that Carrie had an amazing passion for life, and her most powerful magic shown in the care she put into her life and her relationships. She didn't let herself get stuck in the past, but kept her eyes on where she was heading. One of the things Carrie told me in her last week was that she was always a "Let's go!" person, when someone mentioned an adventure. She said that was how she was feeling about her journey into spirit form. Still, I thought I would see her at least once more. I can barely express how much I will miss her — she inspired me to unashamedly seek out pleasure and friendship, and fearlessly embody my beliefs. Beautiful red haired spirit, my dear friend, you were so very good at

living. I can only imagine what you're up to in the after! I love and miss you..

If you never got a chance to meet Carrie, you can still hear her talk about anarchism and Thelema with The Brilliant in Episode 99 at thebrilliant.org/podcast. You can also see her talking about several Jewish and Esoteric topics on youtube as well; the video she made for the GTU about the World-to-Come (Olam Ha'Ba) is particularly moving.

Aaron Aarons 1940 -2024

Aaron Aarons — a perennial member of the Berkeley radical direct action scene — died January 19. In lieu of a formal obituary, here are some reflections:

I met Aaron through Campaign Against Apartheid when I moved here in 1986. I knew him as a regular — a presence at many protests and meetings. Aaron called into KPFA and KQED to bring the radical viewpoint and you would instantly recognize his New York accent. He had a hilarious show on pirate radio station Free Radio Berkeley in which he often mostly argued with his co-host, Dean.

Aaron hung out at Long Haul so often that he was an agenda item at meetings. I never knew for sure, but I got the feeling he was a 1960s veteran who had stuck with the radical scene permanently. Turns out he was arrested in 1960 for being part of a group that used rowboats and a canoe to block the launch of a nuclear missile-armed submarine!

Aaron sometimes rubbed others the wrong way by being argumentative and long-winded at meetings, but I never doubted his sincerity or his commitment to a better world. — jesse

#

We lose friends, family, and lovers, but the harder losses to explain are the minor characters whose appearance — and disappearance — in our lives and scenes is still profound.

We rarely know more than one part, and one period, of their lives. No doubt Aaron Aarons was once a handsome, shy kid in Brooklyn, rather than the irate, contrite elder wingnut familiar to those of us at *Slingshot*.

I remember him fondly from the Long Haul Sunday night dinners, where he sat next to me for years without acknowledging my presence except for occasionally asking me tc pass the salt. (Activist dinners are never short of adversity, personality, and complaints, which

Aaron provided easily, but salt is worth its weight in gold.)

Aaron's thorny grumpiness delighted me, and put me at ease. He was a whetstone we could grind against, or a rhino at the zoo to tease. His exaggerated role allowed us to hone our own acts and feel at ease. Thank heavens for elders because they give us a chance to be kids.

I remember his disgust at one of my found t-shirts; the obscure acronymed group it called for freeing was, according to the all-knowing Aaron Aarons, a biker gang. But I also recall his joy at finding one of his own T-shirts that had fresh relevance: "Bush" with a swastika for the "S," which he proudly dug out after the disastrous election of George the Second. "Good as new," said Aaron, with something like a smile. — Aaron Cometbus

#

Besides Long Haul, Aaron was a frequent face at La Peña for all events cultural & political. You would also be sure to see him at any of the political lectures around town whether it was a DIY activist space or institutional. He would often take the mic during Q&A to pursue a point that went after capitalism.

Aaron was at every protest well into his old age when marching and rioting stays in the body longer.

He cared passionately for international struggles. For Palestinian rights. He was anti-war. He was vigilant about police abuse. In many ways the things taken seriously now he was neck deep in. His engagement was not only attending protests and public talks but in keeping records that traced events as they happened. [He donated his papers to Long Haul.]

Aaron was into a broad range of cultural things intersecting with the radical community. An avid reader whose book collection was hungrily sought after, he also invested deeply in the alternative press and even the mainstream press. He attended dance performances, plays, repertoire films. He danced at Ashkenaz with its blend of world music. A diehard Peace and Freedom Party member attending meetings and helping to shape its progressive agenda. A tenant organizer for 40+ years living in the flatlands of Berkeley watching the rents shoot into the stratosphere. Being able to live and resist here due to rent control and disability checks. It was hard to see any trace of a day job on his hands. The kind of activist threat ignited when not watered down chasing the capitalist dream.

He was into computers as early as the 1970's. Traveled to Mexico and kept up with culture and politics of that region. He spoke and wrote in Spanish.

Born in NY. (From Queens? Brooklyn?) In the early 1960's while in college he started his own radical publication that got him into trouble with the school (expelled?). He moved to Berkeley in the early 1970's. —Eggplant

There's a lot missing in what we know about Aaron — Presente!

Towards the Sun
Berkeley Leap Day Action Night

Continued from Page 1

crowd took a turn hurling seed balls containing 20 plant species over the wall to bring healing and regrowth to the scarred and imprisoned Park. Despite a bunch of security guards and UC police in helmets, no one stopped us. After we ran out of seed balls, a dance party began on the closed street and portions of the wall were decorated with spray-painted slogans.

Since 2000, *Slingshot* has declared a universal general strike, jamboree, street party and be-in each Leap Day everywhere. In 2024, other events we're aware of happened in Louisville, KY, Blacksburg, VA & New York City — perhaps there were others, too.

Leap Day Action Night isn't a traditional protest nor is it another frivolous distraction while the world goes to hell around us. A lot of people are wallowing in doom, denial or resignation — which only decreases our chances for survival. But the capitalist system, its technology and its distractions are fragile and unsustainable — they're disintegrating around us as the environment teeters on the brink of collapse. Alternatives based on cooperation, sharing, living in harmony with the earth and loving each other exist. We refuse to be reduced to consumers, viewers and objects to be managed. Let's build a world that's awake and engaged — that shifts the focus from things and entertainment to firsthand experience and life.

Nardcore: 1981 to Infinity

76 pages - $10 shininglifepress.com

Music scenes are fleeting, ethereal things locked up in fading memories; usually only documented in yellowed zines, crumpled fliers and scuffed polaroid pictures. This zine is a canonically complete and chronological history of the music scene in the Oxnard, California area from about 1976 thru the Fall of 2023 —almost half a century of music.

I was absolutely riveted to each page, and it wasn't even until the section on the year 2005 that I'd even heard of one of the bands: the fucking Wrath. I flipped back to the start and read each band name again. Was that Green Day? I knew more of these names than I thought. You don't even have to be a hardcore kid to know all the names: Stalag 13, Downpresser, Minus, Nails, Offspring... You will know someone in here... there must be hundreds, and that's before you start really reading the flyers. Oh, the flyers. He formats them mostly four to a page and there must be hundreds. It's like an accounting of every stapled telephone pole, and every wheat pasted alley wall you've ever walked past. There is an entire life's work in here, and it's devastatingly beautiful.

Not Our Farm

28 pages - free pdf/$5 printed
notourfarm.org/resources

There is much to be said about working on a farm. I've done it, and it puts all other work hardships in perspective for the rest of your life: manual labor in cold weather and hot, sunburn, dehydration, sweat, dirt, chemical fertilizers, heavy machinery, substandard housing and unimaginable volumes of manure. Admittedly, this zine soft pedals the grosser parts of farming. There's no discussion of inseminating cows, butchery, injuries, bug bites and stings, manure, or sunstroke. But it does address the bathroom situation. Most farm marketing shares a certain image of rustic wholesomeness, but it takes only two words to destroy the implied purity of all that marketing: poop kit.

Most importantly this zine discusses in detail how to screen your future farm employer. Every farm is different and so is every farmer. The politics and values of the farm owner may make some folks feel unwelcome, possibly even unsafe. In this way the zine treats farms like any other employer. Their advice on screening is sound, and as for salary and work hours it advises to "get it in writing."

This zine puts it all into perspective. What's the right type of farm for you? Would you be happier on a large farm or a small one? Do you want to drive a tractor or use hand tools? Do you want to work with vegetables, animals or both? The zine gives space for all likes and dislikes, and how to find those farmers when they're hiring. If you want to avoid cubicle life, you should probably read this.

Grow Worms - Winter 2024

44 pages - $6 justinlutz.bigcartel.com

From the first few pages I thought this was a slasher movie zine in the same vein as Municipal Threat. This is not the case, and I wouldn't want to offend the Worm Wizard by suggesting such a thing. There are a few slasher movie reviews here but more pages are dedicated to music reviews and short fiction, the latter of which is wildly more disturbing than the underground cinema.

Mike Madrigale tells a strange and meandering first person story about the satanic cults of central Pennsylvania. Sam Richards reviews an album by Portrayal of Guilt, Evan Shelton writes an experimental fiction that reminds me of Reddit's Interface Series. The prose here leans away from gore and toward the mindfuck category. Speaking of which... Hey! Edwin Callihan —does your momma know what you wrote? I'm not reading anything else with your byline until I get a written apology. Your writing is the type of dirty where you can't get clean... This goddamn thing needs a warning label.

My favorite piece in the whole zine was a short treatise on the album *Famine*, by the band Paint It Black. It came complete with footnotes referencing Arthur Schopenhauer, Richard Pryor and Henry James to name a few. Grow worms has a powerful will to live (willie zum leben) and its no-holds-barred approach to content evokes the a priori transgressive lit zines like ExBe, Vile and even Jim Goad's Answer Me!

Hi-Fi Anxiety - Issues #21 & 22.

24 pages - $10
duckyboardmanart.bigcartel.com/product/hi-fi-anxiety-zine

Jason Boardman makes zines like it's his day job. The first issue came out in September of 2022 and while I was writing a review of issue 21, issues 22, 23 and 24 came out. By the time you read this I'm sure I'll see issue 25 on Instagram. In the same year he's created probably 25 zines, he's also put out another dozen "fun-size" zines, special issues. Many of these have custom formatting, packaging, wrapping paper, sealed bags, or boxes. He's an unstoppable force, like death and taxes, but wildly more entertaining.

Feeling trapped by the corporate narrative? Check out one of these small press works known as zines. Better yet make your own. And if you make one, send us a copy and we might review it

His fascination with zine culture, and graphic design shines through those flexi-discs, record reviews, and perzine style monologues. Like McLuhan, Boardman understands that the medium is the message, but he has the chops to back it up. Issue 21 sports a duo-tone Warhol-esque milk crate cover design with the block text "empty inside." It's T-shirt worthy. Issue #22 tops it, a double issue designed like a double VHS sleeve, this one full of movie posters and movie reviews. Each issue has a QR code link to an online "mixtape" thematically linked to the zine.

If I have any criticism, it's that his emphasis on design definitely overshadows the writing. While not falling into the genre of text-less art zines, he's precariously perched on a tipping point beyond which we might just have to appreciate artful zines while listening to well curated mix tapes. Oh the horror...

DOPE Magazine - Issue 24

22 pages - Free pdf
dopemag.org

DOPE Magazine is a British, donation-funded mutual aid project, at least that's what it says on the tin. It also says "Fuel for the Machine, Caskets for the Poor"; the texts astride an image of a skull superimposed on a soldier's head. The color scheme is risograph-inspired with a hard orange clashing with a pastel turquoise on a flat cream background. On the inside it has even more punch.

Just a little context, for those not keeping up with Brexit... the situation across the pond is bad. The Tories have done more damage than the Thatcherites managed in the whole of the 1980s. The rate of poverty in the UK is double that of the US; affecting over 8 million people. In other words, the British are skint. The articles here are powerful statements on endurance, perseverance, resistance and survival. These are juxtaposed against full-page artworks, collage photos and prints.

It opens with an essay by Matt Wilson, about the use of language for post-capitalist future. It reminded me immediately of Chomsky's *Manufacturing Consent*: sharp, erudite, and insightful. Jay Kerr tells the story of Asel Luzarraga, a punk essentially arrested for being a Basque novelist. Morgan Trowland writes from prison the most subversive thing I've ever read. He feels unthreatened, and unintimidated by the system that jailed him for what should have been free speech. He is in a Zen monastery of his own making, and growing more powerful as he waits to be released.

But there's room in here for lighter topics as well. Helen Hester wrote a paean to the health benefits of naps. I don't think it's what Paul Lafargue had in mind, but I think he would still approve.

Ear of Corn - Issue 55

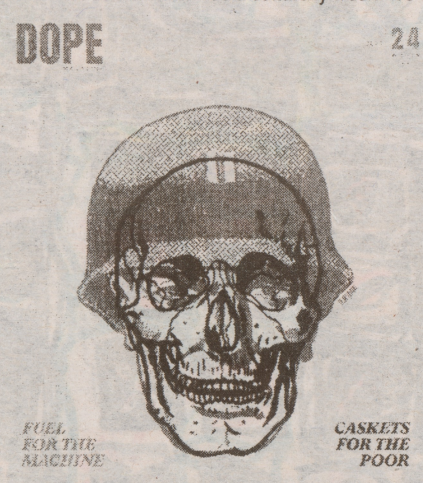
24 pages - $2 foodfortunata@hotmail.com

The zine Ear of Corn has been around forever. You can look up issue #1 on the Internet Archive; the date on the cover is February of 1989. That is literally before the movie Home Alone came out. Macaulay Culkin is old enough to run for President today. When a zine has been running that long it's almost above mortal judgment. It's from an earlier era of zines, when we still mostly called them "fanzines."

It was an era before every zine had a glossy cover, an e-commerce platform, and multiple social media accounts. There's an odd sort of purity in that. You have to respect that level of intransigence; defiantly resisting the unrelenting march of cultural change.

It's appropriate then that the first two pages of record reviews here feature The Absentees "Illegal Listening Device" and a re-release of G.G. Allin's country opus, "EMF". The original releases are even older than Ear Of Corn, and only someone from that era could, with a straight face, describe any recording by GG Allin as "Crystal Clear." Similarly, the movie reviews go back as far as Dr. Strangelove (1964). But it also reviews dozens of new albums from every niche genre you can imagine...even Finnish hardcore. (Apparently that's a thing.)

Throughout the zine, new and old sit side by side. That combination feels culturally fresh. It's the



gestalt of Generation Z to simultaneously experience all content, new and old, through memes, and samples, agnostically distilling all media into some kind of post-Clockwork Orange milk cocktail. Well done droogs, well done.

Restless Legs Inquirer - Issue 6

4 pages (8.5x11) - free brybry@riseup.net

This zine is the ideal size: four 8.5 x 11 pages. You can fold it in quarters and stick it in a pocket. I miss that about the old pocket-size novels. I carried it with me for a few days. Bryan's writing has a quiet intensity that reminds me of Raymond Carver. His thoughts on "ruiners" and the narcissism of social media were both insightful and visceral. The zine ends on a lighter note with short movie reviews — one sentence each, some without punctuation. They were silly, but felt very deliberate, like haiku.

This zine came in the mail with an adorable photo zine, which tells a story as well as any crafted with words. Burroughs once wrote "Open your mind and let the pictures out" and so they have:

An image of a leg in a cast; a friendly face; images of young hipsters alternately disheveled makeup smeared and sharp, ready for their close up Mr. DeMille; a carnival, a house party; a mosh pit kicking up dust; industrial wastelands juxtaposed against the suburbs; a basement show and dancing; a man screaming into an SM58; young people enjoying life with intensity and joy — every image selected with care, and imbued with meaning.

Just a Jefferson - Issue 56

23 pages - $2 markellorhighwater@gmail.com

The first page includes a list of 42 contributors spread across 20 U.S. states and 5 other countries: Greece, India, Japan, Russia, and Turkey. The contributors here don't contribute poetry or prose. They ask each other questions; many are about reading, writing or course but most of them are exceedingly random: odd foods, fish stories, favorite songs beginning with the letter "O", bad customer service and good TV shows. Presumably other issues cover favorite songs beginning with the letter "R" and bad TV shows. The whole zine seems deeply committed to randomness which is a cause I can support, whole cults have been founded on less.

Node Pajomo - Issue 2.8

38 pages - $5
P.O. Box 2632, Bellingham, WA 98227

The cover of issue 2.8 is an artfully blurred image of a bearded man. On prior covers, we've seen parts of this face before. It reminds me of Freda Khalo's iterations. Warhol and Maplethorpe both also engaged in frequent self portraiture. Somehow this one has a Rasputin-like intensity. Several pages later he walks it back with a Lester Bangs quote "The first mistake of art is to assume it's serious."

Like a good mail art zine, odd-sized bits of paper fell out of the envelope and all over my desk like confetti: tiny stickers, an ode to unrequited love, a pamphlet on non-binary child rearing, a square of wrapping paper, two more stitched together, a tiny flyer in Italian, another in German... I'm lost in a blizzard of colorful confetti.

I am also pleased to report that the font size has been increased, making Node Pajomo an easier read. As a certified old person it's a comfort to my eyeballs. In this issue were reviews of zines on every conceivable, and even some inconceivable topics: Led Zeppelin bootlegs, beefs, linocuts, comics, language, Brooklyn, NY, drugs... It feels like a microcosm of everything. How do you wake from reading a zine about a zine about zines? Can you ever come back all the way? Does some part of you get left behind every time you try?

Out From the Void - Issue 6

32 pages - $5 Outfromthevoid@yahoo.com

On the inside cover, this issue advertises that Brenton Gicker guested on the true crime podcast "The Murder Sheet," which I listened to while writing this. The recording opens with a content warning "This episode contains discussion of murder, suicide, mental illness, drug and alcohol adiction and possible sexual crimes against children." This same warning could easily sit on the cover of his zine. Brenton was in good form, and advocated well for people at risk.

The zine opens with a feature by Gicker, a solid 8 pages about missing persons in The McKenzie River Valley. It and a few other pieces were previously printed in the Eugene Weekly. Even the gothic poetry, which fills out the last few pages, is reprinted from other sources. Not that Gicker is hiding it. Every work is properly dated and attributed. So I've come to see the zine as curated work catering to Gickers interests.

The focus of this issue isn't just missing persons. There's an excellent tell-all by Bob Keefer about what Reagan's defunding did to mental hospitals in the 1980s. That's followed by a news piece from the Chris Hedges Report about millionaire Healthcare CEOs reducing care, while crushing nursing unions. These are about systemic issues in healthcare that do lead to higher mortality rates, and to more missing people. It does contrast a bit with the poetry about feral cats and government peanut butter, but that can't be helped; we're not all poets.

NearOut

April 20 1 pm Free All Ages
People's Park 55th Anniversary Concert and Block Party. Telegraph Ave. Berkeley peoplespark.org

April 20 10:30 Free All Ages
Milwaukee Zine Fest @ Central Library

April 21 noon - 6 Free All Ages
Berkeley Student Cooperative Community Care Block Party Block party Davis Park 2424 Haste St. Berkeley

April 21 Free All Ages
Decolonizing Economics 2024: Earth Day to May Day! McKinleyville, CA (and May 1-3 on-line) decolonizingeconomicssummit.org

May 1 Free All Ages
International Workers Day – Worldwide! Who wants to organize a general strike?

May 3 - 8 pm Free All Ages
San Francisco Bike Party - at a BART station to be announced - 1st Friday of each month eastbaybikeparty.wordpress.com

May 4 - 5 Free All Ages
Upstate NY Anarchist Bookfair - Binghamton, NY upstateanarchistbookfair.com

May 10 - 8 pm Free All Ages
East Bay Bike Party - at a BART station tba - 2nd Friday of each month eastbaybikeparty.wordpress.com

May 26
Punks with Books public reading. Vantpop Books, Las Vegas

June 1 & 2 Free All Ages
Art Party to make the 2025 Slingshot organizer – at Long Haul - 3124 Shattuck Ave. Berkeley

June 1 - 2
Bay Area Book Festival – downtown Berkeley. baybookfest.org

June 11
International Day of Solidarity with Marius Mason and Long-term Anarchist Prisoners. june11.org

June 16
Berkeley Juneteenth near Ashby BART

June 22 Free All Ages
Nxoeed Art Show Opening, 5-9 pm - Studio Fallout SF - Alleyway, 50 Bannam Pl., San Francisco, CA 94133

June 22 - 23 Free All Ages
9th annual KC Zine Con at Goofball Sk8boards

June 23
Trans March – Delores Park, San Francisco

June 28-30
ACAB - Another Carolina Anarchist Bookfair Asheville, NC

July 1 - 7 Free All Ages
52nd Rainbow Gathering - somewhere in California, Oklahoma or Washington... or...all 3 at the same time!!! ask a hippie for details.

July 2-9
Earth First! Summer Gathering Hudson Valley, NY

July 20 Free All Ages
Street Cat Zine Fest! - Chillicothe, OH streetcatzinefest.org

August 11 Free All Ages
Party for Long Haul Infoshop's 31st birthday – 3124 Shattuck Ave. Berkeley - thelonghaul.org

September 5 - 8 Free All Ages
Berlin-Kreuzberg Anarchist Bookfair Germany anarchistischebuechermesse.noblogs.org

Ongoing every First Sunday
6-8:30pm Free All Ages
Triple Justice Film & discussion about the Climate Crisis, Capitalism, Racism, & more, and their connections at Long Haul - 3124 Shattuck Ave. Berkeley - triplejusticeforclimate@gmail.com